A beaming face, a happy laugh—
What richer gifts than these?
'Tis Pierrot's wish to banish care,
His only aim to please.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Reproduced by permission of "The Art Reproduction Company Ltd."

MOTHER'S BONNET.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

FROM THE STALLS.

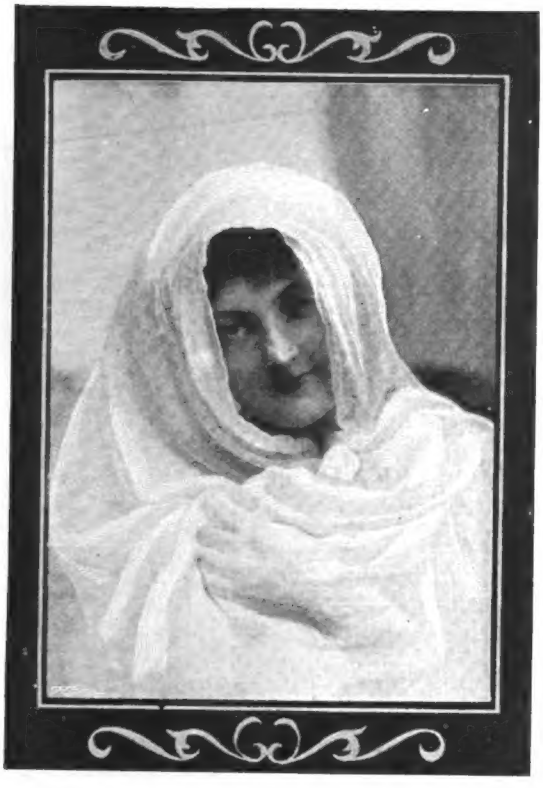


Photo *Louis Langfier.*

MRS. MAESMORE MORRIS.

A beautiful woman and an actress of striking ability, Mrs. Morris, though born in Somersetshire, has lived for many years in Australia.

She once played the part of a flower girl, and her costume was criticised at length by a certain paper. It was described as "coquettish," and the critique went on to say: "But why those silk stockings and charming shoes?"

The truth was that the costume was bought from a Covent Garden flower girl, the stockings cost fivepence, and the shoes were an old discarded pair belonging to the pretty actress's cook!

So much for dramatic criticism.

EVA MOORE.

"The most charming actress on the stage." This is the criticism of half the playgoers of London on Miss Eva Moore. She is bright and vivacious, full of spirit and never-flagging zeal.

She tells of a nerve-shattering adventure that befell her once in a theatre, at Hartlepool. She was just going on to the stage, when she ran back to her dressing-room for her handkerchief. To her horror she found the room full of smoke, and the table blazing.

Her dressing-room was right under the pit.

Without a second's thought the plucky actress made a dash at the fire and, with considerable risk, managed to put it out. Then she went on to the stage, playing her part as if nothing had happened, but with very dirty hands.

Photo *Ellis & Walery.*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Photo *Fonlsham & Banfield.*

H. A. LYTTON and the "COSY CORNER" GIRLS.

"In a little corner cosy,
Where I sit with my darling Rosie."

These three young ladies are cosy corner girls in the "Earl and the Girl," by name Miss Claire Richards, Miss Gertrude Thornton, and Miss Hilda Hammerton. The lucky knave in the middle is Mr. H. A. Lytton, who, it seems, knows as well as most people when he is in for a good thing. It is just possible, too, that the girls are also enjoying themselves. H. A. Lytton is a good-looking young fellow, and a fairly lively one as well. He ran away from home when he was a boy, finding the stage too much to resist. And now the audience cannot resist Harry Lytton. Such is fate!

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Photo *Hana.*

DOLLY McCALLA.

A quaint little person, smiling, bright, and happy, is little Dolly McCalla. She is always full of innocent fun off the stage, and on the stage she sparkles and smiles as naturally as she does at home. She appeared as a little Red Indian girl a year ago, with the result that she has been imitated everywhere by everybody, till the Red Indian craze has become quite wearisome. So now she contents herself with fascinating rag-time dances and songs, pretty pathetic little ditties, in which she is too charming for words.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Photo *Johnston & Hoffmann.*

BILLIE BURKE.

A very quiet young lady from Washington, simple and unaffected, a sweet, round face, and a crop of lovely golden red hair. That is Miss Billie Burke, better known to most of us as the young lady who used to sing about "Mamie and the little Canoe," in the "Schoolgirl."

"I came over to be educated in Europe," she says, "so I went to school in Paris, where I was terribly spoilt, I am sorry to say. I care for nothing better than riding. The other day I was trying a new horse for a friend in the park. It bolted with me half-way round the ride; it was great fun. Motoring and cycling are all very well for getting about, but not like riding and swimming for real sport."

Photo *Lallie Charles*

KATHLEEN McKAY.

A promising young actress in the ranks of musical comedy. Kathleen McKay is the daughter of the well-known tenor singer, Iver McKay, and has all the advantages that a young singer can expect. She has a good voice and a charming natural manner on the stage.

"One must take things fairly seriously," she says, though there is just a suggestion of a twinkle in her pretty dark eyes. "If one were too frivolous it would not please managers. I love hard work."

Such an energetic young lady is bound to get on in the world.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Photo *H. Walter Barnett.*

MADGE TITHERADGE.

There were three of them in the business—little Miss Madge Titheradge, her pony, and the snake. The snake climbed up the pony's leg, and little Miss Madge climbed down the other side. The snake was killed, the pony wounded, the young lady saved. That was in Australia, where Madge Titheradge was born and brought up. Her parents are English though—we cannot let our Colonial cousins claim her entirely. "I am a great believer in education," she says. "I have only just left school; I wish I hadn't. I love school, and swimming, and riding."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

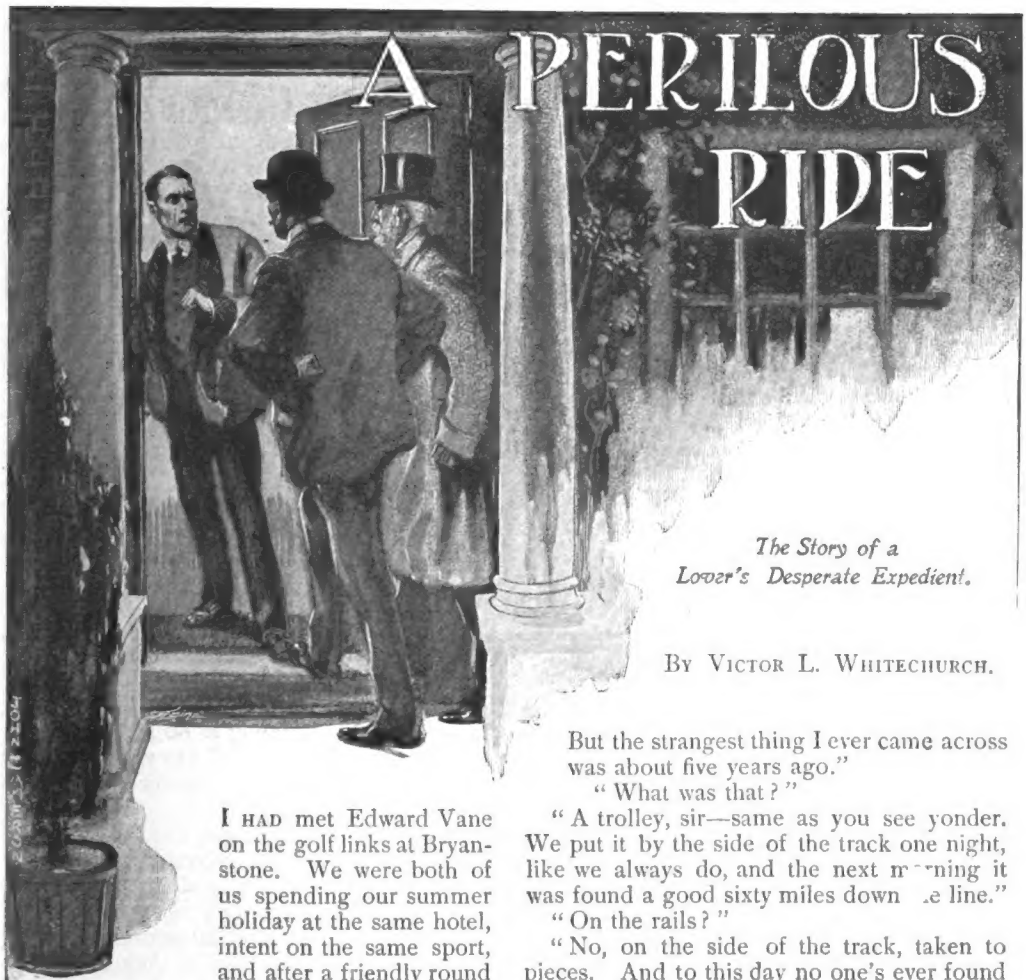
Photo *Ellis & Walery.*

HILDA MOODY.

A very popular young lady, with a most charming voice. When she was a little girl, Hilda Moody used to copy her sister, Miss Fanny Moody, of grand opera fame, trying over her clever sister's difficult songs and operatic airs. Then little Hilda used to cause considerable amusement in her own household by singing away to herself, and by giving elaborate imitative scenes to an audience of nobody. But, unfortunately, as soon as her family came into the room to enjoy the entertainment, little Miss Hilda was dumb and mute. Not another note would she sing until all had left the room. Then she started again, quite happy.

Everybody remembers her delightful song in "The Three Little Maids"—"The Miller's Daughter."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



A PERILOUS RIDE

The Story of a Lover's Desperate Expedient.

By Victor L. Whitechurch.

I had met Edward Vane on the golf links at Bryanstone. We were both of us spending our summer holiday at the same hotel, intent on the same sport, and after a friendly round or two he introduced me to his charming wife—who was also a guest at the hotel—and invited me to move my seat to their table.

Everyone knows that the South Midland main line runs through the Bryanstone golf links, and that one has to cross it at a special little wooden bridge in going the round.

Vane and I had finished playing one morning, and were strolling home by way of the bridge, when we came across a gang of platelayers. Somehow Vane got into conversation with the foreman, who was a genial, civil sort of a fellow, and the subject turned on railway work.

"I've been on the line for nigh on twenty years," he said.

"Ah," remarked Vane, "I daresay you've had a few adventures, eh?"

"I don't know so much about that, sir. But the strangest thing I ever came across was about five years ago."

"What was that?"

"A trolley, sir—same as you see yonder. We put it by the side of the track one night, like we always do, and the next m-rning it was found a good sixty miles down .e line."

"On the rails?"

"No, on the side of the track, taken to pieces. And to this day no one's ever found out how it got there."

Vane had a curious smile on his face as we passed on. I made a remark or two about the strangeness of this trolley story, but he changed the subject, and I thought no more of the matter until the evening.

We two were sitting on the balcony smoking after dinner, when he took his cigar from his mouth and said:

"That man seemed puzzled about that trolley, eh?"

"Well, it was a bit mysterious."

"Would you like to hear the solution of the mystery?"

"What, do *you* know anything about it?"

"Well, yes, I think I can explain it!"

He smoked thoughtfully for a minute or two, and then told me as follows:

* * * * *

It's a long story, and I must go back eight years or more for the beginning of it.

Copyright, 1904, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

At that time I was about four-and-twenty, and I'm afraid, rather a sad young dog. My father had died when I was a boy, and his money, a pretty considerable sum, came to me, his only child, when I was twenty-one. I'm sorry to say that I was bitten with a fatal passion for horse-racing and gay society generally, and I made pretty rapid ducks and drakes of my property for the next three years, living a reckless, extravagant life.

At the end of that time I had to look things squarely in the face. I had not a penny left. I had borrowed my mother's small fortune, and that had gone the way of the rest. With the exception of a small annuity she had nothing left.

Well, I took a little house for her in a remote village near Slateford. It was lonely enough, but it was cheap, and she, good soul, was content. And then I determined to go out into the world and start afresh.

But before I went I had just one matter to settle, and that matter was the hardest of all. I was engaged, and I had to go down to Fenchester where Irene Kingham lived, and tell her and her father the plain truth.

Her father was a gentleman, of fairly good private means, and anxious that Irene should make a good match.

I will spare you the details of the interview. I saw Mr. Kingham first, and made a clean breast of it all.

"It seems to me," he said coldly when I had finished, "that you have only your own weakness to blame. Of course your engagement with my daughter is at an end."

"That's why I came to see you. It is hard to give her up."

He was bitter, but I had to own the truth of his words. At last I asked him plainly whether if I returned with substantial proof of my determination to do better things, and Irene were still free, I might again ask for her hand.

"You may," he said grimly, "I bear you no ill will. The possibility is hardly likely, however, and, in any case I shall not allow it to influence Irene in any way."

I thanked him, and asked to be allowed to say good-bye to his daughter. Upon my promising that I would bind her to no promise, he allowed me to see her.

The next half hour was one of the worst I have ever had in my life. She was not angry, only terribly hurt and grieved. Of course I had to tell her that our engagement was at an end, and she understood. Finally I told her what had passed between her father and myself, and said:

"Mind, Irene, I ask nothing of you. Only I am going to try and retrieve all this."

"And I shall try and wait, Edward," she said quietly. "Will that help you?"

"No, no!" I cried. "Don't bind yourself to anything."

"Well," she said, with a faint smile, "we shall see what will happen, say in three years."

Before I left I asked Mr. Kingham's leave to write. He replied that I might do so to him, and he promised, as far as he should judge fit, to read such letters to his daughter.

The first person I met when I left the house was a certain Douglas Chester, a young solicitor in Fenchester, whom I had often come across at the Kinghams. He greeted me quite effusively, I thought, and asked me to lunch with him.

Over our cigars afterwards he told me he had heard of my troubles and was exceedingly sorry. Presently he put a delicately-worded question about my engagement. The man was so sympathetic that I found myself telling him the whole story.

"I sincerely hope you'll pull through," he said. "Meanwhile, you will let Mr. Kingham know of what you are doing."

I told him I was going to do so.

"And if he wants to write to you?"

"I have given him my mother's address. She will forward my letters."

"Write and let me know how you get on, won't you? I shall be interested."

I promised to do so, and at his request gave him my mother's address.

Now I must pass over the next three years of my life. It was a time of work, struggle, and finally success.

The only thing over which I worried was news about Irene. I knew that I had no right to look for any, but I had, during my many wanderings, written from time to time to Mr. Kingham, but had only had a brief acknowledgment of my first letter forwarded from home.

But, all the time, I felt certain that Irene was waiting—instinct told me that.

It wanted but a few days of the three years. I was in Paris, on my way home. There were certain matters of business keeping me there for a day or two. I wrote a brief line to Mr. Kingham, in which I said:

"I am returning, richer than I ever was in my life. I hope to cross by the afternoon boat on Wednesday next week, and after spending a few hours in town, shall go to my mother's for the night. The next day I shall run down to Fenchester."

My mother's house was six miles from

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Slateford Station, and it was late when I arrived there. After we had settled down from our first greeting my mother said:

"A letter came for you a week ago. I didn't forward it like the others, because I knew you would be back soon."

"But you haven't forwarded me any letters these two years!"

"Oh yes, I have. Not very many. I sent them as you told me a long time ago to Mr. Douglas Chester at Fenchester."

I started out of my chair, a wild suspicion bursting upon me. "Give me the letter!" I cried.

It was in Irene's hand writing. I tore it open.

"And I shall try and wait, Edward," she said quietly

"I *must* write" she said. "Although we have not heard from you for more than two years, I *must* do it now. Father has written to you three or four times—he always liked you, Edward, but you have never answered! I have kept my promise, and now the three years are up on Wednesday. I insisted on waiting till then. It is only fair to tell you—if you ever get this letter. And, the very day afterwards, I am to marry Douglas Chester. It is best. Somehow father has been speculating and owes him money, and this is the only way out of it. But I *have* kept my promise, in spite of all. We are to be married at eight o'clock on Thursday morning. He would have it so early because he wants us to catch the first express for the Continent. Oh, I wonder, Edward, if you will ever read this? Don't think hard of me, I *have* kept my promise."

In a flash the man's villainy stood before me. He must have intercepted my letters to Mr. Kingham as well as have obtained his to me. His object for the early wedding was his knowledge that I was going to Fenchester that very day.

The next morning! I glanced at my watch. Nine o'clock! When could I get to Fenchester? Alas, the time-table told me that the next train was on the following morning—arriving at 10.35! My mother, poor bewildered soul, was helpless. But for the last three years I had been a man of quick action. I would go at once to Slateford Station, and beg the station master to set the company's wires in action and order me a special train from town. There was no conveyance to be had, but I remembered that the shortest cut to the station was down the line.

In five minutes I was on the track. In six minutes I had stumbled and fallen over something that lay on the side of the track. In seven minutes a wild idea had entered into my head. In eight minutes I proceeded to put it into action.

The portion of line that ran from near my mother's house to Slateford was on a down gradient. I remembered how trains used to shut off steam and run down to Slateford.

What I had stumbled over was an ordinary platelayer's trolley, lying by the side of the line in three parts, namely, two pairs of wheels on their axles, and the wooden body of the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

trolley. My idea was simply to put this trolley on the rails and run down to Slateford.

It was a tough job to do by oneself, but after a little lifting and lugging I had that trolley put together on the down line of rails. Then I jumped on to it and began pushing it along with my foot, as I had often seen platelayers doing.

The night, which had been dark enough, had now grown blacker than ever, and a heavy rain had begun to fall. I tell you, it was a weird sensation when that trolley began to increase its speed on the down gradient, but a still more weird sensation was to come.

I was travelling now at increasing speed, half lying, half sitting on my frail vehicle, when I happened to glance back along the line. And there I saw a single bright light, coming gradually nearer and nearer. And that was the head-light of an express train!

Fool that I had been! I had never thought, in my excitement, of this contingency. Everything flashed across my mind in a moment.

Should I jump?

If so, the train would overtake the trolley and possibly be wrecked. What train was it?

Ah, I had seen it in the time-table! The express from London to Fenchester, running without a stop. If I were only on it?

My pace was increasing, and that bright light drew closer and closer. If only it overtook me just at my highest speed, a shock might be avoided. One thing I knew. The trolley was below the level of the engine buffers, but in front of the engine wheels would be the guards, which would catch and push the trolley.

A hundred yards — fifty—twenty — the light was close now—high under the funnel so that it shone over me. The trolley was flying down the gradient at terrific speed. It was all I could do to hold on.

Five yards. The roar of the monster rose above the storm.

A yard—bang! The guards caught the trolley. I shot forward. The next moment the engine had again overtaken me. Now it was pushing. Faster—faster we went, flying through the black night. How did I feel? Well, all fear had vanished now. I was in a sort of delirious triumph.

I can't describe that journey. For over fifty miles we went, sometimes slowly up gradients, sometimes scudding down them. Through tunnels and stations, over the jerking points, roaring and rattling we went, and still I held on.

I don't know what might have happened if we hadn't stopped before Fenchester, which is a terminal station; but suddenly, just about a mile before the end of our journey, there came a piercing shriek from the engine, and I managed to look ahead, and saw a red light —a signal against us.

I made up my mind in a moment how to act. As the train stopped, the trolley ran on. I put my foot down on the rail to bring it to a standstill. Then, with a superhuman effort, I hauled it in pieces off the line, as I had put it on, and sprang over the bordering hedge. *That* explains the mystery of the trolley.

There is little more to tell you. I found my way to Mr. Kingham's house, and rang the bell. He opened it himself. He was just going to bed.

"You!" he cried, "how did you get here?"

"By a miracle. Will you let me come in? I have much to tell you."

And in his study I not only told him much, but he returned the compliment. Then it came out. Douglas Chester had been a villain from the first, and had gradually got the old man in his toils, intercepting my letters all the while so that no news of my success should reach him.

"Well?" I said, when we had finished.

"Thank goodness you are in time, Edward. He may ruin me, but he shall never marry my daughter now."

"And I will see that you are not ruined," I replied. "When shall we see him?"

"At once."

We went round to his house and knocked him up. It took him by surprise, as you may guess. I never saw a man so utterly dumbfounded as when we charged him with his villainy. At length he recovered slightly.

"I'll make you suffer, Mr. Kingham," he snarled.

"Don't forget," I said "the story I can make public about you. Good-night!"

"And now," said Mr. Kingham, as we walked home, "there is another interview—it must wait till the morning now."

* * * * *

"I think you had better spare him the details of that other interview," said a laughing voice from behind Vane.

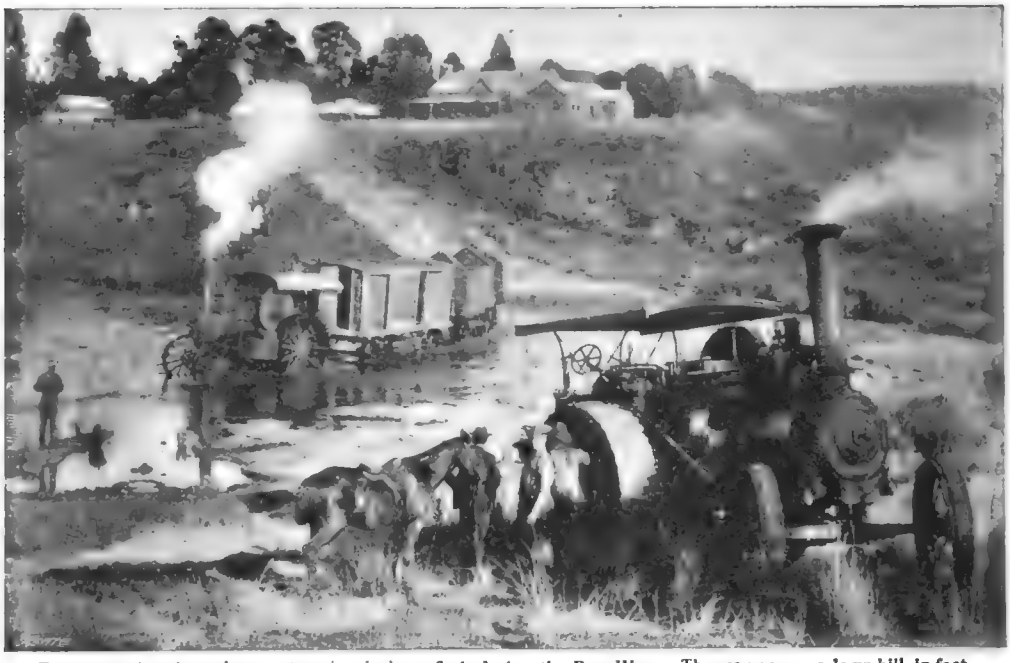
"Hullo, my dear," he exclaimed, turning round, "I never heard you come out on the balcony. I've just been relating the story of my night ride on a railway trolley."

"It was a ride to some purpose, Ned," she exclaimed softly, slipping her hand into his.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Faster—faster we went, flying through the black night.

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Traction-engines proved a great saving in horse-flesh during the Boer War. They can go up or down hill, in fact, almost anywhere.

THE WONDERS OF MODERN WARFARE.

By Hudson Maxim.

The Author of this Article is Brother to Sir Hiram Maxim, of Maxim Gun Fame. Like the Latter, he is Celebrated for his many Inventions of Deadly Weapons of War. In this Article, which the ROYAL has been Particularly Fortunate in Securing, Mr. Hudson Maxim Treats of some of the most Death-dealing Weapons, and also Alludes to several of his own Inventions.

An American Indian was once challenged by a white man to fight a duel. The Indian, who had the choice of weapons, chose a keg of gunpowder, and exacted that they should sit together upon it while it exploded. A Russian economist, I. S. Bloch, whose famous book, "The Future of War—Is War Now Impossible?" was undoubtedly an important influence in bringing about the Hague Peace Tribunal, has much the same idea of modern warfare. He believed that the deadliness of modern weapons and the costliness of all war material, coupled with the expense of maintaining great armies under modern conditions, would render a great war an absolute impossibility, and, like the Indian's duel, would mean sure death to both participants.

But nothing could be more erroneous than the assumption that greater loss of life naturally attends improvements in implements of war, for the exact opposite is the truth, as will be seen further on.

The main purpose of this article is to deal with the wonders of modern warfare—wonders which have been developed by the united genius of the world apparently for mutual destruction, and many of which are so wonderful that in them the marvellous becomes commonplace, and magic and science appear to join hands.

When we compare the present position of military science with that at the opening of the nineteenth century, the strides are truly marvellous. We of the last century received from our fathers the flint-lock gun loaded at the muzzle with a ramrod, and powder, wad and ball carried separately. The artillery we received was a cast-iron tube charged with a bag of fine black gunpowder and a round, solid, cast-iron shot.

The soldier slept in the field, with nothing over him but the sky or a blanket. The battleship of our fathers was a rude wooden hulk, which crept about under sails, and was the victim of the freaks of the wind and of the sea. It was lighted at night with a tallow

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

candle, or with an ignited rag or torch fed from a bath of grease. These were the instruments of guardianship of country and home a hundred years ago.

The launching of a submarine torpedo-boat. This type of vessel will undoubtedly play an important part in the next European war. At present France possesses more submarines than any other nation in the world.

We now have the breech-loading magazine rifle and smokeless powder, the machine-gun with its stream of one thousand bullets a minute, and breech-loading artillery capable of hurling such a storm of shrapnel and canister as to render it as impossible for an enemy to advance through the open and not be struck as it would through a thunder shower and not be hit with a rain-drop.

The world's naval wisdom received a surprise and a shock when Ericsson's little iron-sided *Monitor* fought its duel with the ponderous *Merrimac* ribbed with railroad iron.

American ingenuity, both North and South, had grappled with the problem of invulnerable warship construction, ignoring absolutely all other naval architects of the world, and their cumbrous lore. Slow-going conservatism had to be abandoned, and the old wooden hulks then constituting the navies of the earth's great powers were doomed to the scrap-heap.

Since that time there has been a constant rivalry between the ship-builder and the armourer on the one hand, and the gun, gunpowder, and projectile manufacturer on the other hand. Every improvement in armour-plate has been met by a further advance, either in the gun, the projectile, or the propelling charge of gunpowder. An armour-maker would announce the production of a steel plate which no existing cannon could penetrate. Then the projectiles were made conical, and with a sharp point having a fine temper, and the gun was rifled to give the projectile rotation and true flight, and the guns were made to load at the breech instead of the muzzle, adding greatly to the rapidity and facility of fire.

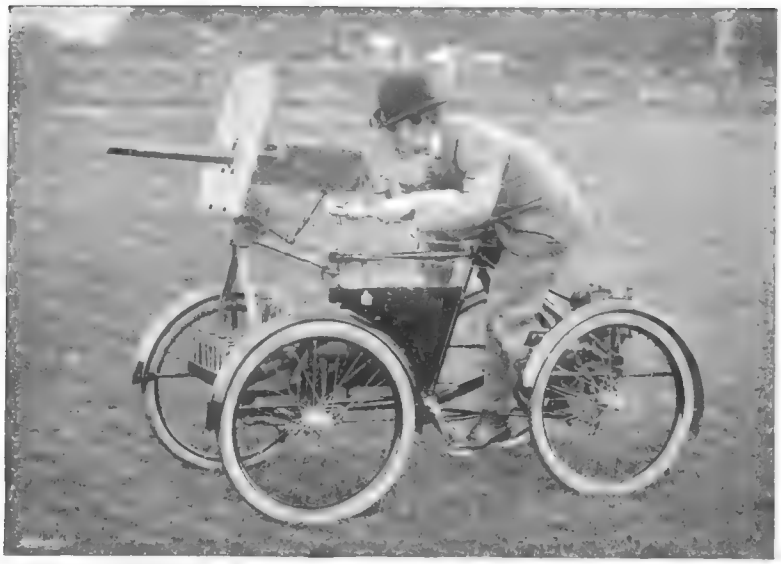
Another inventor then came forward with a method for hardening the surface of the plate by a process bearing his name. A Harveyised plate is so hard that it cannot be scratched with a file or cut with a cold chisel. Nickel was put in the plate, adding still more to its hardness and toughness.

Then, smokeless powder was produced, developing much greater energy than its old black predecessor, and made to burn with accelerating combustion. With it projectiles could be hurled with such velocity that the energy of their impact could not be resisted by either the projectile or the plate, and the gun had to be lengthened and strengthened forward to meet the new demands upon it.

Peace and War—a three-year-old child standing beside a huge twelve-inch armour piercing shell.

The limit in weight of armour-plate was soon reached. Twelve inches in thickness came to be about the maximum for the belt of the strongest warship, for she could not carry thicker and float.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



A Maxim gun mounted on a motor-cycle. This idea has not yet stood the test of actual warfare, and fears are entertained that the tyres would be too susceptible to punctures for the armed cycle to be of practical service.

The projectile was still more improved, being made of the finest forged steel and tempered with great skill. Then came Kruppised plate, and the projectile was again turned aside or smashed upon its surface.

Lastly, a soft nose made of mild steel was placed on the point of the armour-piercing projectile, and the gunner could again laugh at the thickest Kruppised plate that could be carried by the battleship.

Among the wonders of modern warfare there is nothing stranger than the properties of the new high explosive, Maximite, the invention of the writer, which was recently adopted by the United States Government as a bursting charge for projectiles, and which is about 50 per cent. more powerful than ordinary dynamite.

It cannot be exploded by ignition, but will burn quietly away. Melted cast iron may be poured upon a mass of it without producing an explosion. Shells are filled with it by simply melting the Maximite and pouring it into them, where it solidifies into a dense and hard mass. It may be melted in an ordinary pot over an open fire without the least danger. I have frequently started a fire in my laboratory boiler with scraps of Maximite.

When a twelve-inch projectile weighing half a ton and charged with Maximite is fired against heavy armour-plate, the shock is equal to that of dropping the projectile from a height of twenty miles, or equal to that of dropping a ton weight from a height of ten miles, or equal to dropping fifty thousand tons one foot.

Nothing can resist such a blow, and either the armour-plate or the projectile must yield to the impact. Sometimes it is the one, sometimes it is the other; but at the present time the gun is in the lead, and twelve-inch projectiles can be fired through the thickest armour-plate that a battleship can carry.

Before the invention of Maximite no high explosive would stand the tremendous shock upon the plate without exploding instantly and before penetrating the plate. But Maximite is unaffected by shock, and shells charged with it can be fired through the heaviest plate to explode inside a warship, and when the shell explodes it is broken into many thousand

The Simins Automobile War Car. It is practically a moving fortress, mounted with quick-firing cannon, and is intended for field operations.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

fragments, each of which is hurled with the velocity of a rifle ball.

The writer has also invented a fuse, which is now undergoing its final tests by the Government with a view to its adoption. This fuse is so made that it cannot explode the Maximite in the gun, even if the projectile should break up from the shock of discharge, in which case the Maximite would be partially burned without endangering the gun.

A projectile charged with Maximite and armed with this fuse, if struck by a projectile from an enemy, would not explode. A shell from the enemy's guns entering the magazine filled with Maximite shells armed with this fuse would not explode them.

The Hyposcope is an arrangement of mirrors attached to a rifle, by means of which a soldier, concealed behind an entrenchment, can shoot with absolute accuracy and without exposing himself to the enemy's fire.

Nowhere are electrical inventions more indispensable to-day than in naval and military science. Armies reconnoitre under the guidance of the telegraph. They can advance to-day no faster than wires are laid and telegraphic communications established. The balloon, which gives a vantage view from the sky, can be spoken to through a wire by the commanding officer in the field. Electricity has taught the artillerist the exact velocity of his projectiles, and how far his gun will carry. Let us assume ourselves aboard a battleship, where the searchlight—that keen electric eye — penetrating through enormous distance into the night in defiance of the storm, is an ever-watchful sentinel at the post of danger. A light torpedo craft is sighted, advancing with hurricane speed, armed with its submarine messenger of death and destruction, one blow of which and our huge steel leviathan — worth a king's ransom—with its thousand souls on board, is sent to the bottom of the sea.

But the electric eye has seen it, the searchlight rests upon it, and it looms up a brilliant target in the night, and thousands of shot and shell are hurled within the space of a minute upon that brilliant spot, and it is destroyed.

Still the long bars of light sweep the horizon, and there is a dark mass discovered moving at almost express speed. It is a battleship of the enemy. The sea is heavy and our ship is rolling, our guns are ponderous, and only a little deflection will make them miss the mark. But they have been provided with electrical training-gear.

A huge tube of steel, weighing fifty tons, is controlled by the gunner with the ease of a child handling a toy, and, with the quickness with which a rifle may be raised to the shoulder, aim taken, and the trigger pulled, the big gun is sighted at the advancing stranger. There is a flash, a roar like thunder, and the recoil shakes the giant warship to the centre. But a huge bolt of steel weighing one thousand pounds is hurled at the enemy. It strikes her mailed side, it passes through, there is a terrible

A submarine, partially emerged, running at full speed. These little boats are, perhaps, the most dreaded engines of modern naval warfare.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The biggest gun in the world. It is intended for the defence of New York Harbour, and will throw a projectile, weighing more than half-a-to.i, for a distance of twenty-one miles

explosion within her vital parts, and danger for the time is past.

Where there is a very strong demand for an invention, difficulties which at first seem insurmountable are frequently overcome. When the heavy armour-clad had advanced to a position of commanding importance in naval service, the necessity for some form of torpedo was immediately recognised, by which it could be attacked under water upon the unprotected hull below the armoured-belt

The modern Whitehead torpedo, generally known as the automobile torpedo, because it is self-propelling, may perhaps justly be considered the most wonderful of all modern weapons.

This torpedo consists of a strong steel cylinder somewhat in the form of a cigar, being about eighteen inches in diameter and about eighteen feet in length. It carries in its front end a charge of about two hundred pounds of high explosive, provided with a percussion fuse, by which it is exploded when it strikes the side of a warship.

The main body of the cylinder is filled with compressed air, forced in by powerful air-pumps, until a pressure of about fifteen hundred pounds to the square inch is attained.

Immediately rearward of the air-chamber is the driving mechanism, which is run by the compressed air, which in turn drives the propellers for forcing the torpedo through the water. The rudder is provided for keeping the torpedo on a straight course.

A gyroscope is employed for operating the steering mechanism, and this device is one of the most ingenious known to modern science. The least deviation from the straight course is instantly corrected, and the torpedo travels through the water as straight as an arrow.

The compressed air, of course, is soon exhausted, but it will last for about one minute, and drive the torpedo in that time a distance of about half-a-mile. In other words, the speed of the torpedo is about half-a-mile a minute.

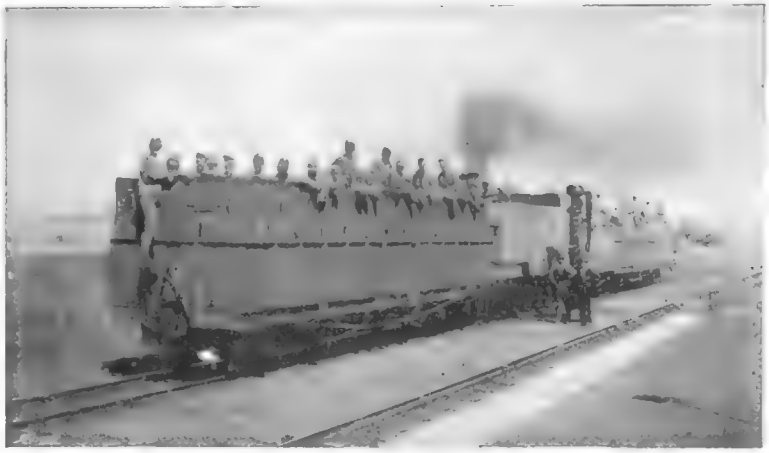
Now, as this speed is not equal to the fastest cruisers, torpedo-boats, and torpedo-boat destroyers, when one of these torpedoes is launched from the prow of these craft while going at full speed there is danger of the war-vessel over-running its own torpedo.

When, however, the torpedo is launched

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

from the side of the torpedo - boat this danger is obviated, but the aim and accuracy of the torpedo are frequently disturbed by the manœuvre.

The writer has invented a new system of propelling automobile torpedoes, by which a material called motorite, somewhat resembling smokeless gunpowder, is employed instead of compressed air for furnishing the motive power.



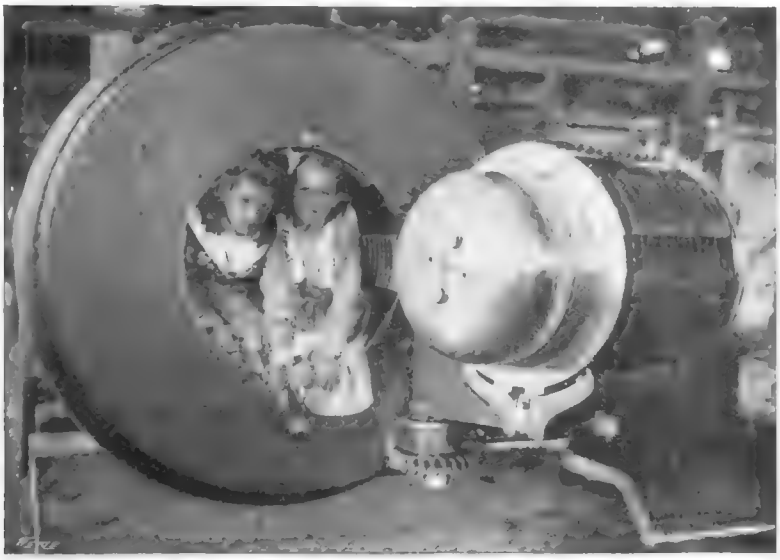
In the Boer War armoured trains proved of immense value. The one here depicted is the famous train which was used in the defence of Ladysmith.

The motorite is used as a fuel, by which water is evaporated and steam made, which drives the engine of the torpedo. Motorite provides more than double the power that the compressed air is capable of giving for an equivalent length of time, and it is expected that this torpedo will have a speed even greater than the swiftest cruiser or torpedo-boat destroyer, and may be launched from the prow of any of them without the least danger of being overtaken.

The writer has invented a torpedo-boat which will also be driven by motorite, when great speed is required. This new torpedo-boat will be driven by ordinary engines, with power provided by ordinary steam-boilers, or by gasolene-engines, except when going into action, and will be constructed to run upon the surface of the water like any torpedo-boat.

When going into action, however, it will be quickly submerged, until only a small portion of the top will project above the water, together with the ventilators, smoke-stack, and pilot-house.

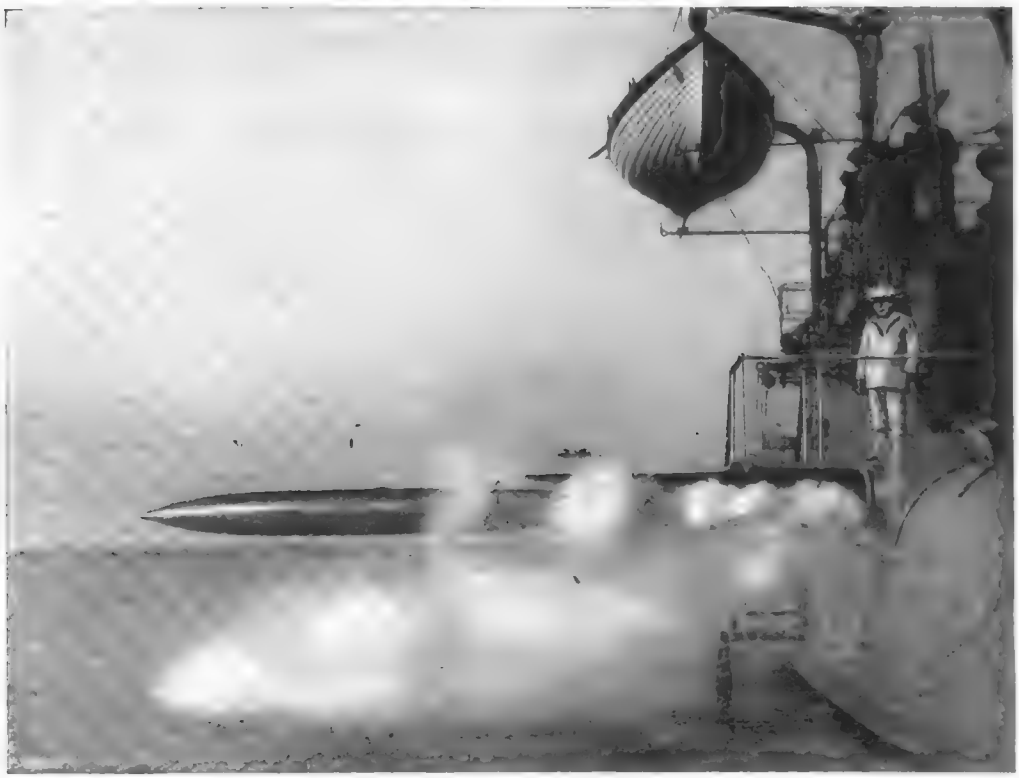
The entire superstructure projecting above the surface of the water is a non-vital and entirely dispensable part of the boat, intended for flotation purposes only; and any part of it may be shot away without injuring the boat in the least. All the vital parts of the boat will be deep under water, where they cannot be reached by the enemy's guns.



Another view of the gun shown on the preceding page. Two by no means small children can sit quite comfortably within the bore. On the right is shown the tremendous breech-block mechanism.

It is intended to provide this torpedo-boat with several automobile torpedoes; and there will be absolutely no means by which a battleship can protect itself from destruction by such a craft. When driven by motorite this boat will have a speed

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



A Whitehead torpedo emerging from a torpedo-tube. It was the torpedo that wrought such deadly havoc amongst the Russian fleet at Port Arthur.

greater than that of the fastest torpedo-boat or cruiser of the present time, and nothing will be able to escape it.

Few people have any idea of what soldiers must face to-day, if they attempt to charge through the open, which, happily, they are very seldom called upon to do. The automatic musket-calibre machine-gun, which is, in fact, but an automatic rifle, mounted on a tripod, and which can be carried with ease by a single soldier, is capable of firing at the rate of six hundred shots a minute; that is to say, ten shots a second.

This gun is called automatic, because it loads and fires itself by the force of the recoil, the cartridges being placed in a belt, which is fed into the gun, and all of the functions of loading and firing being performed by the gun itself. It is only necessary for the soldier to pull the trigger and hold it pulled, and the gun will continue to fire until the cartridges are exhausted.

This gun can be trained upon the enemy and a stream of bullets played upon an advancing line of men in exactly the same way that a stream of water from a hose-pipe can be played. Imagine what the fire from a dozen of these guns means—seventy-two hundred bullets a minute!

But this is not all.

Batteries of quick-firing guns are mounted in the van of every line of battle, which throw shrapnel into the faces of a line of men as soon as they appear in the distance, practically as far as the eye can see.

Each private soldier is now armed with a magazine breech-loading rifle, which holds seven cartridges, and can be fired several times a second, and when the seven cartridges are exhausted, another case of seven can be charged into the gun in less time than a gun could be loaded with a single bullet a few years ago. No soldiers in the world could advance through the open in the face of such deadly fire.

Land operations are now conducted as a continuous siege, in which long-range artillery-fire plays a prominent part. The troops, under the protection of their artillery, advance step by step, spread out in thin lines, secreting themselves behind every available object, from which they fire.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Conceive the United States involved in war with one of the great powers, and that a fleet of the enemy's warships has either evaded or destroyed our own fleet, and swoops down upon New York City. It is met off Sandy Hook with a terrific fire from the land batteries.

Huge guns, mounted upon disappearing carriages, rise up, take aim, and fire, and then disappear, apparently into the earth. As the fleet advances inside the Hook and up the Narrows, it is met with a hailstorm fire from the shore-batteries on both sides of the channel, and, finally, the great eighteen-inch gun at Romer Shoals belches earthquakes, while the return fire from the enemy's ships is pandemonium broken loose.

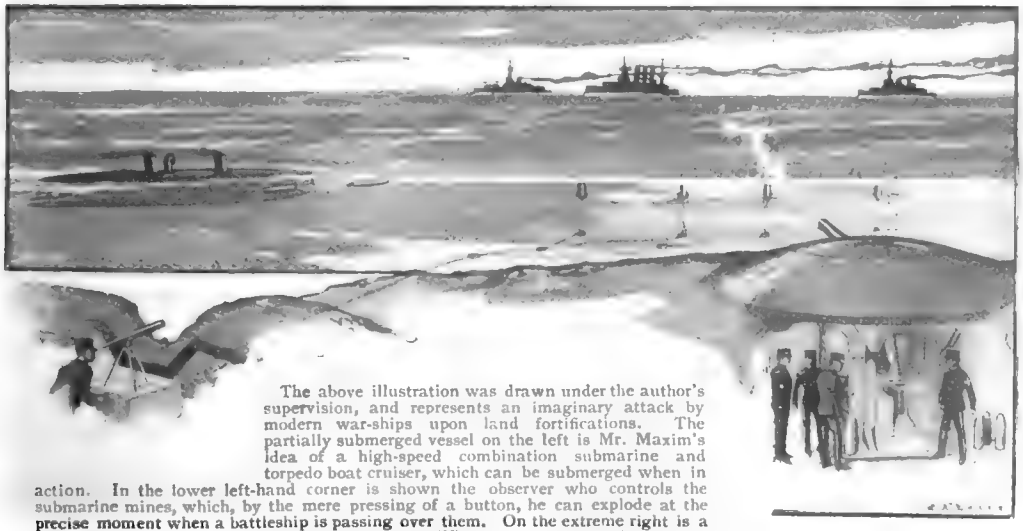
Silent and deadly some submarine boat steals upon a huge ironclad. A torpedo is launched at her, a column of water rises into the air, mixed with wreckage and limbs of men, and the great leviathan quivers and plunges down to the bottom, with the loss of nearly all on board, killed or drowned at their guns.

A huge torpedo projectile from some twelve-inch mortar of the shore-batteries, carrying one hundred and forty-five pounds of Maximite, mounts high in the air, and drops with unerring accuracy down through the deck of an enemy's battleship, to explode in her vitals, putting her out of action. This mortar has long been trained to drop a projectile exactly upon that spot, within a small square the size of a battleship. The whole harbour is so mapped that an enemy's warship can enter only by running the gauntlet of these deadly areas covered by the torpedo mortar-batteries upon the shore.

Again, in time of war, the whole course of the channel is filled with submarine mines, which can be exploded from the shore at any desired instant, and when a war-vessel is just passing over them. Contact-mines are everywhere, which explode as soon as a ship strikes them, and whose location are known only to ourselves.

Among all the wonders of modern warfare, that which perhaps is the most mysterious of all is wireless telegraphy, by which vessels at sea can communicate with one another and with the shore from distances hundreds of miles apart.

Great are the wonders of modern warfare, and these wonders will continue to increase and to hold their place in the very van of scientific achievement, until man shall learn to war no more.

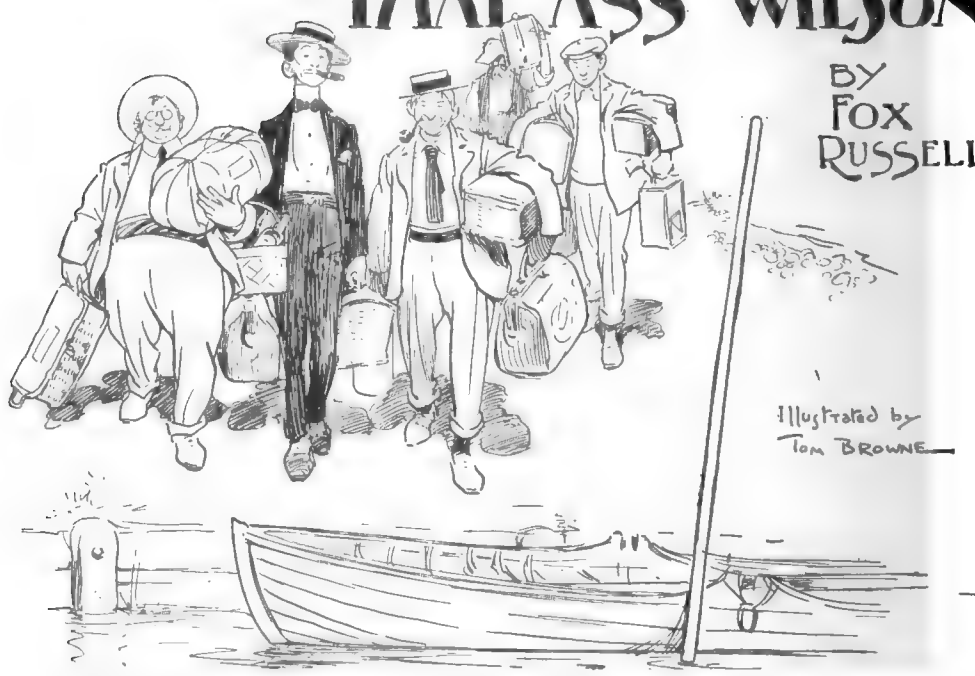


The above illustration was drawn under the author's supervision, and represents an imaginary attack by modern war-ships upon land fortifications. The partially submerged vessel on the left is Mr. Maxim's idea of a high-speed combination submarine and torpedo boat cruiser, which can be submerged when in action. In the lower left-hand corner is shown the observer who controls the submarine mines, which, by the mere pressing of a button, he can explode at the precise moment when a battleship is passing over them. On the extreme right is a Grusom turret armed with a disappearing gun. When the gun is not in use it is entirely out of sight, and the enemy has nothing to fire at but a tremendous pile of earth, and the turtle-back armour protection off which the shells fly.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THAT ASS WILSON

BY FOX RUSSELL



A Holiday that should have been a Camping Out under Canvas, but which Ended in a "Camping In" under Thatch.

We four—Wilson, Bates, Simmons, and myself, clerks at Crogger, Prowle, & Co.'s—all managed to take our holidays at the same time this year.

We are members of the City and Suburban Rifle Volunteers, and all—if I may say so without undue pride—extremely keen on soldiering. True, not one of the four is an "efficient," but we pride ourselves on possessing that which is, perhaps, even more valuable than efficiency—enthusiasm.

Being enthusiasts, we determined to spend our holiday in a soldierly manner—in other words, to camp out. It would be a grand training—it would put the hue of health upon our faces, it would be, in a sense, heroic—and, above all, it would be cheap.

Bates, Simmons, and myself first debated the matter before applying for leave, and after we had virtually settled it, Simmons said:

"I suppose we ought to ask that ass Wilson to join us? You see, he belongs to the corps, and——"

Bates sighed, and then said:

"Yes, I suppose we must. We ought to make up the party to four. It's more convenient — it will be more economical. Wilson is not aggressive, he might fairly be described as a well-meaning ass."

And so it was settled that Wilson should be of our party.

Bates wanted to proceed to the river—where we had decided to camp—in full regimentals, and even suggested marching all the way down from London. But we negatived the idea, chiefly on the ground that it would not look soldierlike to perform a route march in uniform, a rifle in one hand and a Gladstone bag in the other.

So we arranged—rather regretfully—to dispense with our uniforms, and to hie us to our bourne by the aid of a "third smoker" for most part of the way, and a boat for the rest.

The start was most auspicious. A beautiful morning encouraged high hope for the prospect of a successful trip. About midday we arrived at the river and found our boat awaiting us.

There was some little difficulty in getting our luggage as well as ourselves into the frail craft, especially as each of us, unknown to the others, had brought a portable cooking-stove.

These, naturally, took up a considerable

Copyright, 1904, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

amount of room. Wilson, too, had brought a cooked ham and a dozen of Bass—so stupid of him, because, of course, we meant to cook all our rations, just as an army in the field would do—but there! Wilson always was an ass, and one could only expect asinine acts from him.

We paddled up stream, keeping our eyes well opened for a likely-looking spot to pitch our tent on, and at last Bates exclaimed in a theatrical tone:

"Run her ashore, my lads, here's the very place."

We ran her ashore, and joyfully disembarked on velvety grass running right down to the water's edge, with nice sheltering patches of woodland on both flanks.

In the distance was a large white house, but well away from our destined camp. In ten minutes' time we had run up our tent. Then my cooking-stove was duly fixed, and I began to dig a cooking-trench in the lawn.

The other three, meantime, unpacked the bags, hampers, and parcels, and spread everything out on the ground. And, just then, a coarse-looking ruffian in brown corduroys and gaiters, and carrying a stout oaken stick, stepped out of the nearest coppice.

For a full minute he regarded us and our encampment in silence. Then he spoke:

"Ho!" he said, "this is a pretty game! Wodyer mean, yer dirty little sparrer—"—this to ME!—"by comin' 'ere, a landscape gardenin' on Sir Tummas's back lawn?"

I gazed at him in open-mouthed astonishment, and answered never a word.

The wretch advanced and caught me by the coat-collar.

"Wodyer mean by it, I say?" he repeated in accents of suppressed fury, shaking me violently.

Just at that moment Bates and Wilson turned up. Bates strode up to the bailiff, keeper, or whatever he was, and, shaking his fist, exclaimed threateningly:

"Would you!"

"Yes, I would," retorted the bully, still holding me by the collar, and glaring at Bates.

Bates tried to smile loftily, but the attempt was not highly successful.

"Oh, well, I daresay you would," he said in mild tones. Then he laughed "Ha, ha!" but the laugh was lacking in genuine hilarity.

Then Simmons, from the other side of the tent, began in a rather blustering voice:

"My good man, by what right do you order us about, and seize my friend by the collar? I shall certainly tell your master——"

"You jest shut your 'ead, mister, or I shall

"Wodyer mean by it, I say?" he repeated in accents of suppressed fury, shaking me violently.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

come acrorst and shut it for yer!" grinned the burly savage. "Now, off yer go!—the 'ole lot of yer!—set o' London tramps—mos' likely pickpockets out of a job. I should summons yer, but I dessay yer ain't got enough in yer pockets to pay the fine. Hout yer go!"

He gave me a final shake which almost dislocated two of my teeth, and then released his hold.

We began, in deep humiliation, to strike our tent and pack up again.

"No, yer don't!" exclaimed our tormentor. "I shall detain all yer property. Jest take yerselves off, an' leave everythink else 'ere."

This was a terrible situation, and we drew off a few yards to consult.

Simmons suggested a combined rush at the foe. I said: "No, a frontal attack by you three is best, whilst I skirmish round the rear." But my plan was firmly negatived; and then, just as we had reached an *impasse*, Wilson drew a coin out of his pocket and approached the enemy. A short parley ensued, and then, to our great relief, the aggressor touched his hat to Wilson, turned on his heel, and disappeared into the wood again.

Wilson rejoined us with cheerful mien.

"It's all right," he said, smiling, "I've squared him, and he says that, although Sir Thomas has given him strict orders to detain the goods of everyone he catches trespassing, he will 'look the other way' while we clear off."

We ruefully bundled our effects into the boat and beat an ignominious retreat. As we shoved off, I think we all felt that our humiliation was due to that ass Wilson. If it had not been for him, I might, after all, have persuaded the other fellows to make that frontal attack, and then—if it had succeeded—we—well, I suppose we could hardly have stopped on Sir Thomas's lawn, but, at all events, we should have retired with the honours of war.

We paddled on up stream, passing several likely-looking spots, on which, however, threatening notice-boards regarding trespassers, held us at bay.

Once we attempted a landing, but had no sooner got ashore than a ferocious bull-dog chivied us off again. We began to feel depressed.

Then Wilson came out with another of his fool suggestions.

"Don't you think it would be wisest to take rooms in a cottage somewhere?" he asked.

Take rooms in a cottage when we had come with the express intention of camping out and doing a little real campaigning! Bates, Simmons, and I all laughed scornfully.

"We shall find a suitable place directly," I said confidently, "there's no hurry."

It was fortunate that there *was* no hurry; for we rowed about until nearly four o'clock before finding a place where we could encamp. Even then, it was hardly an ideal spot, as the ground was very moist.

But, apparently, there were neither bailiffs nor bulldogs to chase us away, and for these small mercies it behoved us to be grateful.

By this time we were all desperately hungry, so, without waiting to unpack, we got one of the cooking-stoves into action, produced the leg of mutton which Bates had brought with him in his kit-bag wrapped up in newspaper, and proceeded to put it to the fire. It was then, for the first time, discovered that not one of us had the most elementary idea of cooking!

I was the first to break the painful silence which ensued.

"I should think that if the cook held it in his hands in front of the blaze, that——"

"That he'd jolly soon be roasted himself," chimed in Simmons.

Bates then made a suggestion.

"Couldn't we spit the mutton on a ramrod like the trappers did in those Indian stories?" he said. "Let's get a ramrod from one of our rifles and——"

"Breechloaders don't have ramrods," interrupted Simmons sourly.

"Couldn't we boil the roast mutton?" I suggested. "I mean, if we don't know how to roast it, we could boil it."

"What in?" asked Bates. "We have nothing bigger than a pint saucepan here."

"Lay the leg of mutton in front of the fire, then," said Simmons hopefully.

"Yes, and call again in a fortnight, when it might possibly have just got half warmed through," rejoined Bates with acerbity.

Again we came to a full stop. And then poor Wilson chipped in again with another of his asinine ideas.

"Hadn't we better make a meal off the cooked ham and bottled beer, meantime? You see, we're all starving."

Just like Wilson, wasn't it? As if eating ham would get us any nearer to cooking that confounded leg of mutton.

Nevertheless, we *did* set to work on the ham, and I must own that I never enjoyed a meal more in my life.

Digitized by Google — Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Having finished our repast, and washed it down with Wilson's bottled beer, we lit our pipes and began to take a more hopeful view of the situation.

Bates suggested sending Simmons into the adjacent village to buy a cookery-book. Simmons, however, considered that Wilson was much more fitted for the errand than himself, and Wilson agreed to go.

Directly he had started, the rest of us began digging a trench and erecting our tent. The digging was hard work, and halfway through it Bates threw down the spade and exclaimed:

"It's really too bad; that chap Wilson is never here when he's wanted to take his fair share of the work! What's he want to go skulking off for, on pretence of buying a cookery-book, and leaving me to do this beastly job?"

I said, "Well, we all knew what Wilson was, beforehand. We couldn't expect anything else."

Just then a gust of wind blew the tent down flat.

"There!" cried Simmons, "that's a nice specimen of Wilson's work! He puts up the tent in such an absurd way that the first breeze—oh, I forget—no, Wilson had gone when the tent was erected, hadn't he? I wonder what made the beastly thing blow down?" he concluded in a rather shamefaced way.

We stuck the tent up again as best we could. All our goods and chattels had been knocked flying: it took us nearly half-an-hour to clear them up. And just as a shout announced Wilson's return, another gust blew that confounded tent down again.

We all rushed at it, and once more hauled it up. And then Wilson, who always thinks he knows everything, suggested that perhaps we hadn't fastened the back guy-ropes tightly enough, and proceeded to do this himself,

We all rushed at it, and once more hauled it up.

whilst we three looked at each other and hummed tunes in an indifferent manner.

As a matter of fact, we *had* omitted to fasten the ropes tight enough—in fact, to even draw them up at all. Well, who on earth—except Wilson—would ever think of going round to the *back* of the tent to fasten the beastly ropes? But Wilson always had one of those small, pettifogging minds which, whilst missing all the breadth and beauty of life, attends to small and unimportant details. I don't care for such men personally. They annoy me.

We sat down in the tent—having previously

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

set Wilson to finish the trench—and pored over the cookery-book together.

Plats, ragôuts, stews, omelettes, all were exhaustively dealt with; but the book was a blank on the all-important subject of how to roast a leg of mutton. Perhaps the author assumed that everyone knew how to do such an elementary thing as this. How Wilson could have been such an ass as to have bought a book which told us everything except the one thing we desired to know, I really cannot think.

We made tea, in moody silence, and then discovered that we had no milk.

Bates swo—said things, in such a loud tone, that Wilson threw down his spade and came running into the tent to ask what was the matter?

"No milk," growled Bates disgustedly.

"Oh, that's all right," responded Wilson in his annoyingly cheerful way. "I brought a bottle of it from the village. I'll fetch it from my coat-pocket."

We all felt rather glum.

At eight o'clock we had supper off Wilson's ham and beer, as we couldn't cook the mutton.

Then came the question of posting a sentry outside the tent.

"You see," I explained, "it's a sort of military exercise—gives one a little experience in soldiering——"

"Think so?" said Bates dubiously, sitting luxuriously on a tin biscuit-box.

But Simmons, who is a martial enthusiast, at once set us a good example by offering Wilson as a sentry.

Wilson seemed rather pleased, and at once prepared to mount guard. He took up his rifle—it was empty, and we had no cartridges, so we felt quite safe—and turned out of the tent.

"In two hours you will be relieved," I said. "Bates will do sentry-go from eleven to one."

Bates grunted out something, but I gathered that it was not approval of the arrangement. Soon afterwards we all turned in and fell asleep.

As the distant clock in the church tower was striking eleven, I awoke. Wilson put his head into the tent and called his relief.

Bates sat up sleepily.

"I'm awfully sorry, you fellows," he began, "but I'm afraid I must go on the sick list. Fact is—er—I've got a frightful headache, and I think I've got a chill as well. Now, if you don't mind, old chap"—turning to me—rather unfairly, as I thought, for Simmons was just as available for duty as I was—"I should feel awfully obliged if you'd take my turn to-night, see?"

I didn't see. But there seemed no way of escape, and I, most reluctantly, turned out. It was horribly cold and foggy, and my rifle barrel felt like an elongated icicle.

For nearly an hour I paced up and down outside, and must admit my ardour for military exercises was cooling, when suddenly I saw a large human form looming out of the fog.

"Who goes there?" I cried, as well as my chattering teeth permitted. Of course, I was not alarmed—my teeth always chatter when I am in a fun—, when I am surprised.

I did not wait for the lurking foe's answer, but, with quick strategy, at once fell back on the main body. I also fell backwards over one of the guy-ropes, but that is merely detail. Before I could fairly rouse my sleeping comrades, a terrible voice thundered through the heavy, damp air.

"An' phwat th' nation are yez all doin' in th' caboose there?"

The accent was apparently Irish. I hastily struck a match and kindled our oil lamp. By its aid we could see the tent flap raised and a large-sized policeman's helmet thrust in.

The face beneath it was Hibernian. Having satisfied himself that our intentions were of a pacific nature, the big constable came right inside. I never saw any man with such large feet before. He frowned, this ample person, and I think the other three trembled. I myself realised a certain amount of tension. Then the "Bobby" spoke.

"Now, see here," he said severely, "phwat's yer little game? 'tis no use to deny it, fer oi've had my oye on yez iver since ye come here. P'r'aps it is burglars ye are?"

I think we were all too paralysed by this cruel accusation to reply.

"Thot's not phwat ye look loike, I will say," he continued, and we assumed a more cheerful aspect. "'Tis area sneaks ye'd be more afther resemblin'."

This was the "unkindest cut of all," and the sting of the man's tongue roused me to action.

"Constable," I said, with quiet dignity (quiet dignity is rather my forte), "you are exceeding your duty in making disparaging remarks upon our personal appearance. We are respectable rate-owners of unblemished character. We are here on a peaceful mission, and——"

"'Tis me juty to warn ye that anything ye

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

say will be taken down in writin', entoirely althered, an' used agenst ye at yer trial," interrupted the son of Erin grimly, producing, as he spoke, a pocket-book.

"B-b-but you're not going to take us into custody?" I exclaimed in a dismayed voice.

"Thot's jest phwat I am goin' to do. Oi regard ye as suspicious cha-racters, loiterin' fer an unlawful purpose, an' ye'll be dealt with as rogues an' vagabonds!"

The situation was a terrible one. Resistance, of course, was useless. He outnumbered us hopelessly—I mean that—that—well, what were we against a man with feet like that? The prospect of having to leave our camp and pass the remainder of the night in a prison cell was too appalling for contemplation.

Then, of course, Wilson must needs interfere. "Sergeant," he said—anybody, except Wilson, could see that he was only a constable—"Sergeant, I think if you'll step outside with me for a moment, I can explain everything."

"Ye can? Phwat do ye want t' explain, thin?" asked the policeman suspiciously. Nevertheless, he and Wilson disappeared through the tent flap, leaving us three in a painful state of uncertainty.

In two minutes they were back again. The constable's whole expression of face had changed—he was beaming. Even his feet looked smaller and less aggrieved.

"The Sergeant is quite satisfied now," began Wilson in bland tones. "He merely thought he ought to inquire into our proceedings. A little whisky, Sergeant? Will you take it hot—we'll soon have the kettle going—or cold?"

"Oi'll take ut neat, sorr," rejoined the constable in a deep voice. And he tossed off half a tumbler of the raw spirit, smacked his lips, saluted us, and tramped out of the tent again.

We *were* relieved. But at what a cost! Wilson had given him half-a-crown, and humbled himself to speak civilly to a fellow who had so grossly insulted us. Of course, that was *nothing* to Wilson! Oh, dear, no! A lot *he* cared about our outraged feelings. Now, if the whole affair had been left in *my* hands, I should—I—er—well, I certainly should have acted *very* differently.

We were all soon sound asleep again. At six o'clock the *reveille* was sounded by Bates on a paper-covered comb, and—somewhat stiff from our unaccustomed hard couches—we rose, took our towels, and proceeded

I did not wait for the lurking foe's answer, but, with quick strategy, at once fell back on the main body.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

rather unwillingly down to the river for our morning bath.

There was still a thick mist, and we all shivered as we slowly divested ourselves of our clothes. No one wished to go in first.

At last Bates said:

"Aren't you ready, you chaps?"

"Very nearly. You cut in," I replied, "and I'll follow you."

"Yes, go on, Bates," assented Simmons, shivering.

"Oh, I'm not in a hurry," responded Bates. But, at last, Simmons and I could stand it no longer, and waded in, knee deep. The water was icy. We bobbed up and down once, and then fled precipitately. Wilson, of course, shirked it. I mean the wading. He jumped into deep water, had a swim, and came out looking radiant.

We breakfasted rather silently. And then the rain came on, and poured down steadily and persistently for the rest of the day.

At five in the afternoon Wilson tramped off into the village to fetch some newspapers.

Meanwhile the rain had unostentatiously soaked through our canvas, and was dripping on to us, our food supplies, and our clothing. One after the other we slowly hoisted umbrellas and sat silently, grimly beneath them, watching the pitiless, unceasing torrent without.

At last, Wilson returned with the papers. We almost felt tempted to welcome him warmly, but feared that any such demonstration might make him uppish. We lit fresh pipes and read the newspapers for a time, and then Wilson observed:

"I saw such pretty rooms to let in a cottage in the village."

No one spoke. But every man's eye was on his neighbour, furtively.

Then Wilson mentioned that the price was very low, and Simmons in indifferent tones asked a few particulars. Bates then carelessly said that perhaps some other season the cottage would "do for us." Whereupon Wilson again spoke:

"The fact is, I made inquiries because, if you fellows don't mind, I am thinking of taking a room there. It will be so much more comfortable than this camping out. There are four rooms to let, but, of course, I shouldn't like to suggest that—er—that you fellows—"

"No—o—o," responded Bates. "Still, if—if *you* think of going——"

"Yes—if *you* think of going," I chimed in, "it'll be such a break-up of our party that perhaps our best plan——"

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Wilson contritely; "if it breaks up the party, let's say no more about it. I won't go."

This was hardly the line of action we had expected, and for two minutes nothing more was said.

At the end of that time—the rain coming through our miserable shanty worse than ever—Bates broke out:

"How would it be if we all—er—dined at the King's Arms this evening?——"

An approving murmur immediately interrupted his utterance. Then he continued:

"— returning, of course, to our camp directly afterwards."

"Of course," assented Simmons, faintly.

"Of course," I said, in rather a despondent voice.

I made no further remark on the subject. But, like the sailor's parrot, I thought a good deal.

A pause ensued; then Simmons went on:

"In a way, it would seem almost a pity to—to—to return to camp, as it's raining so heavily. We should get rather—rather wet—as it were," he concluded vaguely.

"Wet? *wet!*" I said in sarcastic tones. "Could we be any wetter than we are?"

And for a solid quarter of an hour not a sound broke the silence, save the monotonous, pitiless patter of the rain on the tent.

"Think it looks like clearing up at all?" I asked Wilson at the end of the time.

He gently shook his head. Dismal beggar, Wilson; not at all the sort of man we wanted as a comrade in rough campaigning.

Yet another pause; and then Bates, giving in to force of circumstances, exclaimed:

"I think, as Wilson seems so set upon this idea of his, that we all——"

"No, no! I've quite abandoned the scheme," exclaimed Wilson.

"Oh, don't do that!" hastily blurted out Bates; "er—that is—I—I think that, after all, the whole lot of us——"

"Yes. You'd be so dull alone, Wilson. And we don't mind going with you a bit," I said heartily.

"I'm quite agreeable," chimed in Simmons, getting up and preparing to pack, without an instant's delay.

That evening found us all established at the pretty little house in the village. Of course, it lacked the freedom of our glorious camp life: we missed the rollicking fun a little at first, though it was certainly more Sybaritish. But we had not come away to live as Sybarites; and the whole cause of the expedition's failure will always lie at the door of that ass, Wilson.

Digitized by Google — Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

A Performance that Far Away Eclipses Looping-the-Loop.

By Bertram Stower.

Illustrated with photographs reproduced by permission of "The New York American."

We live in an age of excitements. Nothing in the way of a sensational performance that does not send a host of thrills trickling down the back will suffice to attract the present-day audience.

Not so very many years ago the sight of a man standing alone, seemingly unguarded, in the midst of a den of lions, would have laid claim to be called a sensation. Now it scarcely provokes remark. We look upon the animals as cowed; in fact, as scarcely more harmful than sheep, and accordingly think little of the performance.

Were a tamer to announce that he would venture amongst a cageful of lions, raw and fresh from their native land, what would be the result? A crowded house.

It is the element of danger, of the risk the performer, in whatever he may happen to be doing, is taking that attracts.

Little more than a couple of years ago, London was agog at the latest sensation. A man travelling on a bicycle at a terrific speed, rushed down an incline, thence around the inside of a vertical ring. Looping-the-loop it was called. The newspapers described it as the greatest sensation of the day, and, indeed, all that witnessed the feat were of that opinion. Then it was generally expressed that the highest point of "thrilling entertainments" had been touched.

But it was not so. Before looping-the-loop had lost its popularity, a still more thrilling performance was devised. This went under the name of looping-the-gap, and was succeeded a few months later by the aerial flight.

The loop-the-gap performer used a similar track to his predecessor who looped-the-loop; but with this difference. On the top of the vertical loop a gap, six feet wide, was cut. When the performer arrived at it, he was, of course, riding his bicycle in an inverted position, but the tremendous velocity at which he was travelling caused the machine to leap over the gap in safety.

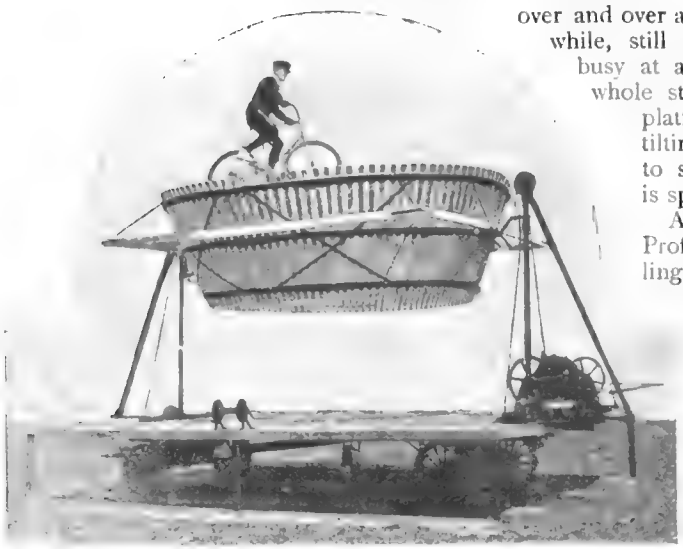
In the "aerial flight" the performance consisted of rushing down a steep incline that curved upwards at the lower end. When the cyclist reached this point the impetus propelled him, together with his bicycle through the air for a distance of ninety or more feet.

Each of these in their turn claimed to be the greatest sensation of the age.

But now has come another, the greatest and most daring of all "loop" sensations. It is the invention of Professor H. S. Record, an American expert cyclist. He loops-the-loop vertically, horizontally, and diagonally, while the cycle track is turning over and over in a square frame. Simultaneously, the track and frame are spinning on a revolving platform.

The general appearance of the cycle-track can be better understood from a careful study of the pictures than by a written description. The track slopes out all round at an angle of sixty-five degrees, and is eighteen feet in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



After Professor Record has mounted his bicycle and run it into the track, the latter is raised twenty feet above the platform by means of cranks——

diameter at the bottom, and thirty-six at the top of the rim. It is inclosed in a square frame, which is raised by cranks and caused to revolve by the same means.

Several assistants are employed to turn the cranks which control the revolutions of both track and frame.

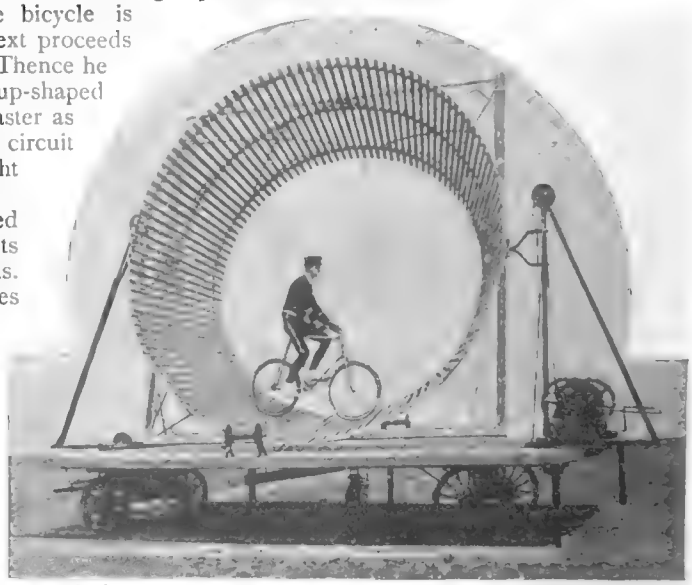
When Professor Record begins his perilous ride, the "tub," as he has called the track, rests horizontally on the platform. Having climbed inside its rim, the bicycle is handed over to him. He next proceeds to mount on the platform. Thence he immediately flies on to his cup-shaped track, travelling faster and faster as he completes circuit after circuit until his body lies out at right angles to the platform.

As soon as he has attained sufficient speed, the assistants turn the handles of the cranks. Upon this, the track rises bodily up in the frame until it is twenty feet from the ground. Then two more assistants begin winding another crank, which causes the track to tilt over until it has attained an upright position, and, instead of riding round and round the ring, the performer is actually riding up and down, looping the loop over and over again. Nor is this all. Meanwhile, still further assistants have been busy at a third crank that makes the whole structure turn on a revolving platform. So now the track is tilting over and over from north to south, and at the same time is spinning from east to west.

And right through all this Professor Record has been pedalling furiously. To the audience the pace seems simply terrific. But it is essential that it should be so, in order that the bicycle may cling to the track as it flies round the "topsy-turvy" section of it.

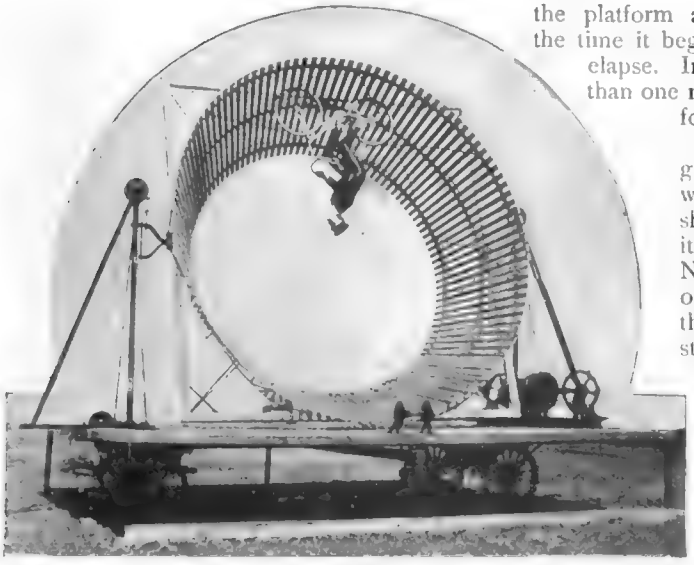
When the track turns over again on its side the performer can moderate his speed, until, finally, he is able to glide off on to the platform and dismount.

For a long time Professor Record has been interested in cycling. Some years ago he took up racing with considerable success. Here it was that in his spare time he amused himself by trying to find out in how many extravagant positions he could ride. He soon learned to balance on his head in the saddle, to ride backwards, and to sit crouched in between the frame of his machine while he pedalled with his hands.



——further machinery starts the track in motion. It whirls over and over. Meanwhile, the cyclist inside is flying, sometimes round and round, according to the position the track has assumed; at other times, head downwards over the top of it.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Still more machinery is now at work. The track is actually revolving and spinning at the same time. The performer is shown at the most critical part of his ride. Any moment he is liable to be hurled from the track.

These tricks, and the marvellous mastery he gained over his machine, led him to build his first revolving "loop." Previous to that he had frequently looped the ordinary loop.

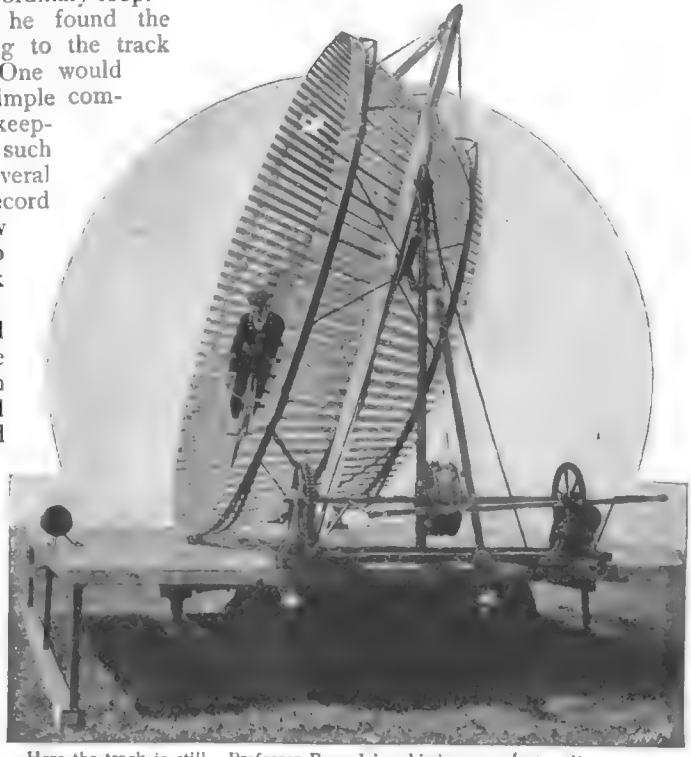
At the commencement, he found the greatest difficulty in keeping to the track while it was in motion. One would imagine that this would be simple compared with the difficulty of keeping one's balance. But such was not the case. After several weeks' practice, Professor Record overcame the trouble. Now he finds it quite as simple to ride inside his revolving track as on the level road.

To loop the loop presented to him no difficulties. The enormous velocity gained in the downward sweep proved sufficient to carry him round the top in an inverted position, and half way up again. By keeping up a high speed, he found that there was little danger of stopping in the middle of his journey around the top section of his "tub" and falling off.

The speed at which he travels is almost beyond belief. From the moment Professor Record leaves the platform and ascends to the track, to the time it begins to revolve, three minutes elapse. In that period he rides no less than one mile and a half before his performance actually begins.

To say that this is the greatest bicycle feat in the world is not extravagant; but I should not like to assert that it will remain so for very long. No doubt to-day, in some parts of the world, men are racking their brains to invent an even still more thrilling sensation; one that will oust Professor Record from the field. Whether they will succeed is doubtful. But it is by no means impossible in these days when the word "greatest" ought, nine times out of ten, to be written in inverted commas.

This much, however, is certain, the man who devises a more "hair-standing" performance of this nature will have a claim to be regarded as little short of a genius.



Here the track is still. Professor Record is whirring round at a dizzy pace, looping-the-loop every fraction of a minute.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

VII.—THE TREMARN CASE.

By The Baroness Orczy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Old Man in the Corner	Who unravels the mystery to—
The Lady Journalist	Who relates it to the Royal readers.
Earl of Tremarn...	Uncle of the murdered man.
Philip Le Cheminant	Heir to the Tremarn earldom.
Harold Le Cheminant... ...	The deposed heir.
James Tovey	Butler to the Earl.
Thomas Sawyer	Porter at the Junior Grosvenor Club.
Charles Collins	Witness at the inquest.

I

"Well, it certainly is most amazing!" I said that day, when I had finished reading about it all in the *Daily Telegraph*.

"Yet the most natural thing in the world," retorted the man in the corner, as soon as he had ordered his lunch. "Crime invariably begets crime. No sooner is a murder, theft, or fraud committed in a novel or striking way, than this method is aped—probably within the next few days—by some other less imaginative scoundrel.

"Take this case, for instance," he continued, as he slowly began sipping his glass of milk, "which seems to amaze you so much. It was less than a year ago, was it not? that in Paris a man was found dead in a cab, stabbed in a most peculiar way—right through the neck from ear to ear—with, presumably, a long, sharp instrument of the type of an Italian stiletto.

"No one in England took much count of the crime, beyond a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders at the want of safety of the Paris streets, and the incapacity of the French detectives, who not only never discovered the murderer, who had managed to slip out of the cab unperceived, but who did not even succeed in establishing the identity of the victim.

"But this case," he added, pointing once more to my daily paper, "strikes nearer home. Less than a year has passed, and last week, in the very midst of our much vaunted London streets, a crime of a similar nature has been committed. I do not know if your paper gives full details, but this is what happened: Last Monday evening two gentlemen, both in evening dress and wearing opera hats, hailed a hansom in Shaftesbury Avenue. It was about a quarter past eleven, and the night, if you remember, was a typical November one

Copyright, 1904, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

—dark, drizzly, and foggy. The various theatres in the immediate neighbourhood were disgorging a continuous stream of people after the evening performance.

"The cabman did not take special notice of his fares. They jumped in very quickly, and one of them, through the little trap above, gave him an address in Cromwell Road. He drove there as quickly as the fog would permit him, and pulled up at the number given. One of the gentlemen then handed him up a very liberal fare—again through the little trap—and told him to drive his friend on to Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street.

"Cabby noticed that 'the swell,' when he got out of the hansom, stopped for a moment to say a few words to his friend, who had remained inside; then he crossed over the road and walked quickly in the direction of the Natural History Museum.

"When the cabman pulled up at Westminster Chambers, he waited for the second fare to get out; the latter seemingly making no movement that way, cabby looked down at him through the trap.

"'I thought 'e was asleep,' he explained to the police later on. 'E was leaning back in 'is corner and 'is 'ead was turned towards the window. I gets down and calls to 'im, but 'e don't move. Then I gets on to the step and give 'im a shake. . . . There!—I'll say no more. . . . We was near a lamp-post, the mare took a step forward, and the light fell full on the gent's face. 'E was dead, and no mistake. I saw the wound just underneath 'is ear, and "Murder!" I says to myself at once.'

"Cabby lost no time in whistling for the nearest point policeman, then he called the night porter of the Westminster Chambers. The latter looked at the murdered man, and declared that he knew nothing of him; certainly he was not a tenant of the Chambers.

"By the time a couple of policemen arrived upon the scene, quite a crowd had gathered around the cab, in spite of the lateness of the hour and the darkness of the night. The matter was such an important one that one of the constables thought it best at once to jump into the hansom beside the murdered man and to order the cabman to drive to the nearest police-station.

"There the cause of death was soon ascertained; the victim of this daring outrage had been stabbed through the neck from ear to ear with a long, sharp instrument, in shape like an antique stiletto, which, I may tell you, was subsequently found under the cushions of the hansom. The murderer must have

"By the time a couple of policemen arrived upon the scene, quite a crowd had collected."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

watched his opportunity, when his victim's head was turned away from him, and then dealt the blow, just below the left ear, with amazing swiftness and precision.

"Of course the papers were full of it the next day; this was such a lovely opportunity for driving home a moral lesson, of how one crime engenders another, and how—but for that murder in Paris a year ago—we should not now have to deplore a crime commited in the very centre of fashionable London, the detection of which seems likely to completely baffle the police.

"Plenty more in that strain, of course, from which the reading public quickly jumped to the conclusion that the police held absolutely no clue as to the identity of the daring and mysterious miscreant.

"A most usual and natural thing had happened; cabby could only give a very vague description of his other 'fare,' of the 'swell' who had got out at Cromwell Road, and been lost to sight after having committed so dastardly and so daring a crime.

"This was scarcely to be wondered at, for the night had been very foggy, and the murderer had been careful to pull his opera-hat well over his face, thus hiding the whole of his forehead and eyes; moreover, he had always taken the additional precaution of only communicating with the cabman through the little trap-door.

"All cabby had seen of him was a clean-shaven chin. As to the murdered man, it was not until about noon, when the early editions of the evening papers came out with a fuller account of the crime and a description of the victim, that his identity was at last established.

"Then the news spread like wildfire, and the evening papers came out with some of the most sensational headlines it had ever been their good fortune to print. The man who had been so mysteriously murdered in the cab was none other than Mr. Philip Le Cheminant, the nephew and heir-presumptive of the Earl of Tremarn."

II.

"In order fully to realise the interest created by this extraordinary news, you must be acquainted with the various details of that remarkable case, popularly known as the 'Tremarn Peerage Case,'" continued the man in the corner, as he placidly munched his cheese-cake. "I do not know if you followed it in its earlier stages, when its many details—which read like a romance—were first made public."

I looked so interested and so eager that he did not wait for my reply.

"I must try and put it all clearly before you," he said; "I was interested in it all from the beginning, and from the numerous wild stories afloat I have sifted only what was undeniably true. Some points of the case are still in dispute, and will, perhaps, now for ever remain a mystery. But I must take you back some five-and-twenty years. The Hon. Arthur Le Cheminant, second son of the late Earl of Tremarn, was then travelling round the world for health and pleasure.

"In the course of his wanderings he touched at Martinique, one of the French West Indian islands, which was devastated by volcanic eruptions about two years ago. There he met and fell in love with a beautiful half-caste girl named Lucie Legrand, who had French blood in her veins, and was a Christian, but who, otherwise, was only partially civilised, and not at all educated.

"How it all came about it is difficult to conjecture, but one thing is absolutely certain, and that is that the Hon. Arthur Le Cheminant, the son of one of our English peers, married this half-caste girl at the parish church of St. Pierre, in Martinique, according to the forms prescribed by French laws, both parties being of the same religion.

"I suppose now no one will ever know whether that marriage was absolutely and undisputably a legal one—but, in view of subsequent events, we must presume that it was. The Hon. Arthur, however, in any case, behaved like a young scoundrel. He only spent a very little time with his wife, quickly tired of her, and within two years of his marriage callously abandoned her and his child, then a boy about a year old.

"He lodged a sum of £2000 in the local bank in the name of Mme. Le Cheminant, the interest of which was to be paid to her regularly for the maintenance of herself and child, then he calmly sailed for England, with the intention never to return. This intention fate itself helped him to carry out, for he died very shortly afterwards, taking the secret of his incongruous marriage with him to his grave.

"Mme. Lecheminant, as she was called out there, seems to have accepted her own fate with perfect equanimity. She had never known anything about her husband's social position in his own country, and he had left her what, in Martinique amongst the coloured population, was considered a very fair competence for herself and child.

"The grandson of an English Earl was

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

taught to read and write by the worthy curé of St. Pierre, and during the whole of her life Lucie never once tried to find out who her husband was, and what had become of him.

"But here the dramatic scene comes in this strange story," continued the man in the corner, with growing excitement; "two years ago St. Pierre, if you remember, was completely destroyed by volcanic eruptions. Nearly the entire population perished, and every house and building was in ruins. Among those who fell a victim to the awful catastrophe was Mme. Lecheminant, otherwise the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Le Cheminant, whilst amongst those who managed to escape, and ultimately found refuge in the English colony of St. Vincent, was her son, Philip.

"Well!—you can easily guess what happened, can't you? In that English speaking colony the name of Lecheminant was, of course, well-known, and Philip had not been in St. Vincent many weeks, before he learned that his father was none other than a younger brother of the present Earl of Tremarn, and that he himself—seeing that the present peer was over fifty and still unmarried—was heir-presumptive to the title and estates.

"You know the rest. Within two or three months of the memorable St. Pierre catastrophe Philip Le Cheminant had written to his uncle, Lord Tremarn, demanding his rights. Then he took passage on board a French liner and crossed over to Havre *en route* for Paris and London.

"He and his mother—both brought up as French subjects—had, mind you, all the respect which French people have for their papers of identification; and when the house in which they had lived for twenty years was tumbling about the young man's ears, when his mother had already perished in the flames, he made a final and successful effort to rescue the papers which proved him to be a French citizen, the son of Lucie Legrand, by her lawful marriage with Arthur Le Cheminant at the church of the Immaculate Conception of St. Pierre.

"What happened immediately afterwards it is difficult to conjecture. Certain it is, however, that over here the newspapers soon were full of vague allusions about the newly-found heir to the Earldom of Tremarn, and within a few weeks the whole of the story of the secret marriage at St. Pierre was in everybody's mouth.

"It created an immense sensation; the Hon. Arthur Le Cheminant had lived a few years in England after his return from abroad, and no one, not even his brother, seemed to have had the slightest inkling of his marriage.

"The late Lord Tremarn, you must remember, had three sons, the eldest of whom is the present peer, the second was the romantic Arthur, and the third, the Hon. Reginald, who also died some years ago, leaving four sons, the eldest of whom, Harold, was just twenty-three, and had always been styled heir-presumptive to the Earldom.

"Lord Tremarn had brought up these four nephews of his, who had lost both father and mother, just as if they had been his own children, and his affection for them, and notably for the eldest boy, was a very beautiful trait in his otherwise unattractive character.

"The news of the existence and claim of this unknown nephew must have come upon Lord Tremarn as a thunderbolt. His attitude, however, was one of uncompromising incredulity. He refused to believe the story of the marriage, called the whole tale a tissue of falsehoods, and denounced the claimant as a bare-faced and impudent impostor.

"Two or three months more went by; the public were eagerly awaiting the arrival of this semi-exotic claimant to an English peerage, and sensations, surpassing those of the Tichborne case, were looked forward to with palpitating interest.

"But in the romances of real life it is always the unexpected that happens. The claimant did arrive in London about a year ago. He was alone, friendless, and moneyless, since the £2000 lay buried somewhere beneath the ruins of the St. Pierre bank. However, he called upon a well-known London solicitor, who advanced him some money and took charge of all the papers relating to his claim.

"Philip Le Cheminant then seems to have made up his mind to make a personal appeal to his uncle, trusting apparently in the old adage that 'blood is thicker than water.'

"As was only to be expected, Lord Tremarn flatly refused to see the claimant, whom he was still denouncing as an impostor. It was by stealth, and by bribing the servants at the Grosvenor Square mansion, that the young man at last obtained an interview with his uncle.

"Last New Year's Day, he gave James Tovey, Lord Tremarn's butler, a five pound note, to introduce him, surreptitiously, into his master's study. There uncle and nephew at last met face to face.

"What happened at that interview nobody

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

knows; was the cry of blood and of justice so convincing that Lord Tremarn dare not resist it? Perhaps.

"Anyway, from that moment, the new heir-presumptive was installed within his rights. After a single interview with Philip Le Cheminant's solicitor, Lord Tremarn openly acknowledged the claimant to be his brother Arthur's only son, and therefore his own nephew and heir.

"Nay, more, everyone noticed that the proud, bad-tempered old man, was as wax in the hands of this newly-found nephew. He seemed even to have withdrawn his affection from the four other young nephews, whom hitherto he had brought up as his own children, and bestowed it all upon his brother Arthur's son—some people said in compensation for all the wrong that had been done to the boy in the past.

"But the scandal around his dead brother's name had wounded the old man's pride very deeply, and from this he never recovered. He shut himself away from all his friends, living alone with his newly-found nephew in his gloomy house in Grosvenor Square. The other boys, the eldest of whom, Harold, was just twenty-three, decided very soon to leave a house where they were no longer welcome. They had a small private fortune of their own, from their father and mother; the youngest boy was still at college, two others had made a start in their respective professions.

"Harold had been brought up as an idle young man about town, and on him the sudden change of fortune fell most heavily. He was undecided what to do in the future, but in the meanwhile, partly from a spirit of independence, and partly from a desire to keep a home for his younger brothers, he took and furnished a small flat, which, it is interesting to note, is just off Exhibition Road, not far from the Natural History Museum in Kensington.

"This was less than a year ago. Ten months later the newly-found heir to the peerage of Tremarn was found murdered in a hansom cab, and Harold Le Cheminant is once more the future Earl."

III.

"The papers, as you know, talked of nothing else but the mysterious murder in the hansom cab. Everyone's sympathy went out at once to Lord Tremarn, who, on hearing the terrible news, had completely broken down, and was now lying on a bed of sickness, from which they say he may never recover.

"From the first there had been many rumours of the terrible enmity which existed between Harold Le Cheminant and the man who had so easily captured Lord Tremarn's heart, as well as the foremost place in the Grosvenor Square household.

"The servants in the great and gloomy mansion told the detectives in charge of the case many stories of terrible rows which occurred at first between the cousins. And now everyone's eyes were already turned with suspicion on the one man who could most benefit by the death of Philip Le Cheminant.

"However careful and reticent the police may be, details in connection with so interesting a case have a wonderful way of leaking out. Already one other most important fact had found its way into the papers. It appears that in their endeavours to reconstruct the last day spent by the murdered man the detectives had come upon most important evidence.

"It was Thomas Sawyer, hall-porter of the Junior Grosvenor Club, who first told the following interesting story. He stated that deceased was a member of the Club, and had dined there on the evening preceding his death.

"'Mr. Le Cheminant was just coming downstairs after his dinner,' explained Thomas Sawyer to the detectives, 'when a stranger comes into the hall of the club; Mr. Le Cheminant saw him as soon as I did, and appeared very astonished. "What do you want?" he says rather sharply. "A word with you," replies the stranger. Mr. Le Cheminant seemed to hesitate for a moment. He lights a cigar, whilst the stranger stands there glaring at him, with a look in his eye I certainly didn't like.

"'Mind you,' added Thomas Sawyer, 'the stranger was a gentleman, in evening dress, and all that. Presently Mr. Le Cheminant says to him: "This way, then," and takes him along into one of the club rooms. Half-an-hour later the stranger comes out again. He looked flushed and excited. Soon after Mr. Le Cheminant comes out too; but he was quite calm, and smoking a cigar. He asks for a cab, and tells the driver to take him to the Lyric Theatre.'

"This was all that the hall-porter had to say, but his evidence was corroborated by one of the waiters of the club who saw Mr. Le Cheminant and the stranger subsequently enter the dining-room, which was quite deserted at the time.

"'They 'adn't been in the room a minute,' said the waiter, 'when I 'eard loud voices, as if

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Show this—er—gentleman out of the club."

they was quarrelling frightful. I couldn't 'ear what they said, though I tried, but they was shouting so, and drowning each other's voices. Presently there's a ring at my bell, and I goes into the room. Mr. Le Cheminant was sitting beside one of the tables, quietly lighting a cigar. "Show this—er—gentleman out of the club," 'e says to me. The stranger looked as if 'e would strike 'im. "You'll pay for this," 'e says, then 'e picks up 'is 'at, and dashes out of the club helter-skelter. "One is always pestered by these beggars," says Mr. Le Cheminant to me, as 'e stalks out of the room.'

"Later on it was arranged that both Thomas Sawyer and the waiter should catch sight of Harold Le Cheminant, as he went out of his house in Exhibition Road. Neither of them had the slightest hesitation in recognising in him the stranger who had called at the club that night.

"Now that they held this definite clue, the detectives continued their work with a will. They made inquiries at the Lyric Theatre, but there they only obtained very vague testimony; one point, however, was of great value, the commissionaire outside one of the neighbouring theatres stated that, some time after the performance had begun, he noticed a gentleman in evening dress walking rapidly past him.

"He seemed strangely excited, for as he went by he muttered quite audibly to himself: 'I can stand it no longer, it must be he or I.' Then he disappeared in the fog, walking away towards Shaftesbury Avenue. Unfortunately the commissionaire, just like the cabman, was not prepared to swear to the identity of this man, whom he had only seen momentarily through the fog.

"But add to all this testimony the very strong motive there was for the crime, and you will not wonder that, within twenty-four hours of the murder, the strongest suspicions had already fastened on Harold Le Cheminant, and it was generally understood that, even before the inquest, the police already had in readiness a warrant for his arrest on the capital charge."

IV.

"It would be difficult, I think, for anyone who was not present at that memorable inquest to have the least idea of the sensation which its varied and dramatic incidents caused among the crowd of spectators there.

"At first the proceedings were of the usual kind. The medical officer gave his testimony as to the cause of death; this was, of course, not in dispute. The stiletto was produced; it was of an antique and foreign pattern, probably of Eastern or else Spanish origin. In England, it could only have been purchased at some bric-à-brac shop.

"Then it was the turn of the servants at Grosvenor Square, of the cabman, and of the commissionaire. Lord Tremarn's evidence, which he had sworn to on his sick bed, was also read. It added nothing to the known facts of the case, for he had last seen

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

his favourite nephew alive in the course of the afternoon preceding the latter's tragic end.

"After that the *employés* of the Junior Grosvenor Club re-told their story, and they were the first to strike the note of sensation which was afterwards raised to its highest possible pitch.

"Both of them namely, were asked each in their turn, to look round the court and see if they could recognise the stranger who had called at the club that memorable evening. Without the slightest hesitation, both the hall-porter and the waiter pointed to Harold Le Cheminant, who sat with his solicitor in the body of the court.

"But already an inkling of what was to come had gradually spread through that crowded court—instinctively everyone felt that behind the apparent simplicity of this tragic case there lurked another mystery more strange even than that murder in the hansom cab.

"Evidence was being taken as to the previous history of the deceased, his first appearance in London, his relationship with his uncle, and subsequently his enmity with his cousin Harold. At this point a man was brought forward as a witness, who it was understood had communicated with the police at the very last moment, offering to make a statement which he thought would throw considerable light upon the mysterious affair.

"He was a man of about fifty years of age, who looked like a very seedy, superannuated clerk of some insurance office.

"He gave his name as Charles Collins, and said that he resided in Caxton Road, Clapham.

"In a perfectly level tone of voice, he then explained that some three years ago, his son William, who had always been idle and good-for-nothing, had suddenly disappeared from home.

"'We heard nothing of him for over two years,' continued Charles Collins in that same cheerless and even voice which spoke of a monotonous existence of ceaseless, patient grind, 'but some few weeks ago my daughter went up to the West End to see about an engagement—she plays dance music at parties sometimes—when, in Regent Street, she came face to face with her brother William. He was no longer wretched, as we all are,' added the old man pathetically, 'he was dressed like a swell, and when his sister spoke to him, he pretended not to know her. But she's a sharp girl, and guessed at once that there was something strange there which William wished to hide. She followed him from a distance, and never lost sight of him that day, until she saw him about six o'clock in the evening go into one of the fine houses in Grosvenor Square. Then she came home and told her mother and me all about it.'

"I can assure you," continued the man in the corner, "that you might have heard a pin drop in that crowded court whilst the old man spoke. That he was stating the truth no one doubted for a moment. The very fact that he was brought forward as a witness showed that his story had been proved, at any rate, to the satisfaction of the police.

"The Collins's seem to have been very simple, good-natured people. It never struck any of them to interfere with William, who appeared, in their own words, to have 'bettered himself.' They concluded that he had obtained some sort of position in a rich family, and was now ashamed of his poor relations at Clapham.

"Then one morning they read in the papers the story of the mysterious murder in the hansom cab, together with a description of the victim, who had not yet been identified. 'William,' they said with one accord. Michael Collins, one of the younger sons, went up to London to view the murdered man at the mortuary. There was no doubt whatever that it was William, and yet all the papers persisted in saying that the deceased was the heir to some grand peerage.

"'So I wrote to the police,' concluded Charles Collins, 'and my wife and children were all allowed to view the body, and we are all prepared to swear that it is that of my son, William Collins, who was no more heir to a peerage than your worship.'

"And mopping his forehead with a large coloured handkerchief, the old man stepped down from the box.

"Well, you may imagine what this bombshell was in the midst of that coroner's court. Everyone looked at his neighbour, wondering if this was real life, or some romantic play being acted upon a stage. Amidst indescribable excitement, various other members of the Collins family corroborated the old man's testimony, as did also one or two friends from Clapham. All those who had been allowed to view the body of the murdered man pronounced it without hesitation to be that of William Collins, who had disappeared from home three years ago.

"You see, it was like a repetition of the Tichborne case, only with this strange difference: This claimant was dead, but all

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

his papers were in perfect order, the certificate of marriage between Lucie Legrand and Arthur Le Cheminant at Martinique, as well as the birth and baptismal certificate of Philip Le Cheminant, their son. Yet there were all those simple, honest folk swearing that the deceased had been born in Clapham, and the mother, surely, could not have been mistaken.

"That is where the difference with the other noteworthy case came in, for in this instance, as far as the general public is concerned, the actual identity of the murdered man will always remain a matter of doubt—Philip Le Cheminant or William Collins took that part of his secret, at any rate, with him to his grave."

(*At this point you should attempt to solve the mystery for yourselves.*—ED.)

V.

"But the murder?" I asked eagerly, for the man in the corner had paused, intent upon the manufacture of innumerable knots in a long piece of string.

"Ah, yes, the murder, of course," he replied with a chuckle, "the second mystery in this extraordinary case. Well, of course, whatever the identity of the deceased really was, there was no doubt in the minds of the police that Harold Le Cheminant had murdered him. To him, at any rate, the Collins family were unknown; he only knew the man who had supplanted him in his uncle's affections, and snatched a rich inheritance away from him. The charge brought against him at the Westminster Court was also one of the greatest sensations of this truly remarkable case.

"It looked, indeed, as if the unfortunate young man had committed a crime which was as appalling as it was useless. Instead of murdering the impostor—if impostor he was—how much more simple it would have been to have tried to unmask him. But, strange to say, this he never seems to have done, at any rate, as far as the public knew.

"But here again mystery stepped in. When brought before the magistrate Harold Le Cheminant was able to refute the terrible charge brought against him by the simple means of a complete *alibi*. After the stormy episode at the Junior Grosvenor Club he had gone to his own club in Pall Mall, and fortunately for him did not leave it until twenty minutes past eleven, some few minutes *after* the two men in evening dress got into the hansom in Shaftesbury Avenue.

"But for this lucky fact, for which he had one or two witnesses, it might have fared ill with him, for feeling unduly excited he walked all the way home afterwards; and had he left his club earlier, he might have found it difficult to account for his time. As it was, he was of course discharged.

"But one more strange fact came out during the course of the magisterial investigation, and that was that Harold Le Cheminant, on the very day preceding the murder, had booked a passage for St. Vincent. He admitted in court that he meant to conduct certain investigations there with regard to the identity of the supposed heir to the Tremarn peerage.

"And thus the curtain came down on the last act of that extraordinary drama, leaving two great mysteries unsolved: the real

"'No more heir to a peerage than your worship.'"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

identity of the murdered man, and that of the man who killed him. Some people still persist in thinking it was Harold Le Cheminant. Well, we may easily dismiss *that* supposition. Harold had decided to investigate the matter for himself; he was on his way to St. Vincent.

"Surely common-sense would assert that, having gone so far, he would assure himself first whether the man was an impostor or not, before he resorted to crime in order to rid himself of him. Moreover, the witnesses who saw him leave his own club at twenty minutes past eleven were quite independent and very emphatic.

"Another theory is that the Collins' gang tried to blackmail Philip Le Cheminant—or William Collins, whichever we like to call him—and that it was one of them who murdered him out of spite when he refused to submit to the blackmailing process.

"Against that theory, however, there are two unanswerable arguments—firstly, the weapon used, which certainly was not one that would commend itself to the average British middle-class man on murder intent—a razor or knife would be more in his line; secondly, there is no doubt whatever that the murderer wore evening dress and an opera hat, a costume not likely to have been worn by any member of the Collins' family, or their friends. We may, therefore, dismiss that theory also with equal certainty."

And he surveyed placidly the row of fine knots in his bit of string.

"But then, according to you, who was the man in evening dress, and who but Harold Le Cheminant had any interest in getting rid of the claimant?" I asked at last.

"Who, indeed?" he replied with a chuckle, "who but the man who was as wax in the hands of that impostor."

"Whom do you mean?" I gasped.

"Let us take things from the beginning," he said with ever growing excitement, "and take the one thing which is absolutely beyond dispute, and that is the authenticity of the *papers*—the marriage certificate of Lucie Legrand, etc.—as against the authenticity of the *man*. Let us admit that the real Philip Le Cheminant was a refugee at St. Vincent, that he found out about his parentage, and determined to go to England. He writes to his uncle, then sails for Europe, lands at Havre, and arrives in Paris."

"Why Paris?" I asked.

"Because you, like the police and like the public, have persistently shut your eyes to an event which, to my mind, has bearing upon the whole of this mysterious case, and that is the original murder committed in Paris a year ago, also in a cab, also with a stiletto—which that time was *not* found—in fact, in the self-same manner as this murder a week ago."

"Well, that crime was never brought home to its perpetrator any more than this one will be. But my contention is, that the man who committed that murder a year ago, repeated this crime last week—that the man who was murdered in Paris was the real Philip Le Cheminant, whilst the man who was murdered in London was some friend to whom he had confided his story, and probably his papers, and who then hit upon the bold plan of assuming the personality of the Martinique creole, heir to an English peerage."

"But what in the world makes you imagine such a preposterous thing?" I gasped.

"One tiny, unanswerable fact," he replied quietly. "William Collins, the impostor, when he came to London, called upon a solicitor, and deposited with him the valuable papers, *after that* he obtained his interview with Lord Tremarn. Then mark what happens. Without any question, immediately after that interview, and, therefore, without even having seen the papers of identification, Lord Tremarn accepts the claimant as his newly-found nephew.

"And why?

"Only because that claimant has a tremendous hold over the Earl, which makes the old man as wax in his hands, and it is only logical to conclude that that hold was none other than that Lord Tremarn had met his real nephew in Paris, and had killed him, sooner than to see him supplant his beloved heir, Harold.

"I followed up the subsequent history of that Paris crime, and found that the Paris police had never established the identity of the murdered man. Being a stranger and moneyless, he had apparently lodged in one of those innumerable ill-famed little hotels that abound in Paris, the proprietors of which have very good cause to shun the police, and therefore would not even venture so far as to go and identify the body when it lay in the Morgue.

"But William Collins knew who the murdered man was; no doubt he lodged at the same hotel, and could lay his hands on the all-important papers. I imagine that the two young men originally met in St. Vincent, or perhaps on board ship. He assumed the personality of the deceased, crossed over to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

England, and confronted Lord Tremarn, with the threat to bring the murder home to him if he ventured to dispute his claim.

"Think of it all, and you will see that I am right. When Lord Tremarn first heard from his brother Arthur's son, he went to Paris in order to assure himself of the validity of his claim. Seeing that there was no doubt of that, he assumed a friendly attitude towards the young man, and one evening took him out for a drive in a cab and murdered him on the way.

"Then came Nemesis in the shape of William Collins, whom he dared not denounce, lest his crime be brought home to him. How could he come forward and say: 'I know that this man is an impostor, as I happened to have murdered my nephew myself'?

"No; he preferred to temporise, and bide his time until, perhaps, chance would give him his opportunity. It took a year in coming. The yoke had become too heavy. 'It must be he or I!' he said to himself that very night. Apparently he was on the best of terms with his tormentor, but in his heart of hearts he had always meant to be even with him at the last.

"Everything favoured him; the foggy night, even the dispute between Harold and the impostor at the club. Can you not picture him meeting William Collins outside the theatre, hearing from him the story of the quarrel, and then saying, 'Come with me to Harold's; I'll soon make the young jackanapes apologise to you'?

"Mind you, a year had passed by since the original crime. William Collins, no doubt, never thought he had anything to fear from the old man. He got into the cab with him, and thus this remarkable story has closed, and Harold Le Cheminant is once more heir to the Earldom of Tremarn.

"Think it all over, and bear in mind that Lord Tremarn *never* made the slightest attempt to prove the rights or wrongs of the impostor's claim. On this base your own conclusions, and then see if they do not inevitably lead you to admit mine as the only possible solution of this double mystery."

He was gone, leaving me bewildered and amazed, staring at my *Daily Telegraph*, where, side by side with a long recapitulation of the mysterious claimant to the Earldom, there was the following brief announcement:

"We regret to say that the condition of Lord Tremarn is decidedly worse to-day, and that but little hope is entertained of his recovery. Mr. Harold Le Cheminant has been his uncle's constant and devoted companion during the noble Earl's illness."

"Dear heart," I said to Prue, "your face
Is open book to me,—
Love, honour, kindness, truth, I trace
And purest modesty,
Each feature speaks of some sweet grace
'Tis open book to me."
"Go flatterer," said my fair mistress,
As her head she shyly shook,
"I'll not believe it, sir, unless—
Unless you kiss the book."
J Clare Billing

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Two Couples of Capital Columns of Curious Catches and Cryptogrammic Conundrums Collected by this Canny Contributor.

Puzzle Penknives will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X," and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A FISHY RIDDLE.

What two fish got married?
Anchovy (Ann Chovy) and John Dory.
What colour was her wedding dress?
Salmon-pink.
What was her bouquet?
Periwinkles and sea-anemones.
What did he give her?
Herring. (Her ring.)
Where did they go for their honeymoon?
Wales.
When he wouldn't get up in the morning, what did she say?
Sturgeon. (Stir, John.)
What did their friends say about the match?
That she was a dear little sole (soul), but he was only common plaice (commonplace).
What did they have for supper?
They haddock. (Had hock.)
What illuminated the supper-table?
Lampreys. (Lamp-rays.)

MR. X'S MONTHLY PRIZE.

No. 4.

[Answers must be sent in before October 25th, addressed "Mr. X," care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and marked on the outside "No. 4."]

"Mr. X" thinks that the clever set of questions and answers given above under the heading "A Fishy Riddle" suggests an amusing competition for his readers. Accordingly, he offers this month a prize of five shillings for what is in his opinion the best set of questions and answers on the subject of "The Courtship and Wedding of Miss Rose Bush and Mr. Bill Berry" (bilberry). All the answers must be made out of the names of fruit, flowers, or plants. Just as, in "A Fishy Riddle," they are made from the names of fish. For example: What did he think of her at their first meeting? A Prim Rose. What did her little brother do when he caught them kissing? Peach.

OBVIOUS.

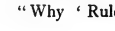
TIMOTHY: "I say, Titus, do you know why there are two N's and only one T in the word Britannia?"

TITUS: "No, why?"

TIMOTHY: "Because it's the rule."

TITUS: "What rule?"

TIMOTHY: "Why 'Rule Britannia' of course."



RAPID FLOWERING.

TOM: "If you went on to Westminster Bridge, pulled up a paving-stone, and sowed mignonette seed, what would come up?"

DICK: "Mignonette?"

HARRY: "A paving-stone?"

TOM: "Both wrong. A policeman, of course."

ANY WORD YOU LIKE.

SMITH: "I'll bet you a shilling you can't give me a word I can't make a pun on."

ROBINSON: "Done." (Thinks hard for a few moments, then, triumphantly): "I've got you! Try 'Japanese.'"

SMITH (wearily): "Oh, for goodness sake give a *chap an easy* one (Japanesy). Hand over your shilling."

[*Awful. Really, something ought to be done to these punsters.—Ed.* ROYAL.

Yes. They ought to be punished.—*Mr. X.*]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Mathematical Farmer.

A certain farmer, coming in from the fields, was asked by a friend what he had been doing. "I've just been penning the twenty sheep I bought yesterday," he replied.

"And where have you put them?"

"Why, in the four corners of the small sheep-fold, and I've arranged them in such a manner that as I walk round the fold the number of sheep in each corner that I come to is always nearer ten than the number in the corner I have just left."

How were the twenty sheep arranged in the four corners to make this possible?

A Mistake in the Calendar.

Trapper: "I suppose that like most people you think a year has 365 days?"

Carter: "Certainly. 365¼, to be exact, with 366 in Leap year."

Trapper: "Well, you're quite wrong. An ordinary year has only 324 days of its own."

Carter: "Nonsense, why the calendar shows—"

Trapper: "No nonsense about it. Forty days of the year are 'Lent,' and four are only Quarter days."

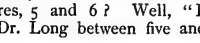
Carter (faintly): "Help! Help!"

[*We sympathise with Mr. Carter, and apologise to our readers for "Mr. X."* —*Ed.* Royal.]

What Does it Mean?

V Dr ⁘ Doctor VI

What does it mean? Why, don't you see that Doctor is first written in short and then in full, that between the two there is an x and some specks, and that the whole lies between the figures, 5 and 6? Well, "Dr. Short expects Dr. Long between five and six," of course.



Looking Ahead.

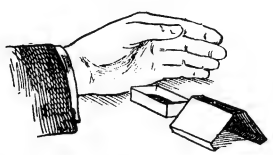
Sharpe: "What day do you think New Year's Day will fall on in 1980?"

Flatt: "Haven't the least idea. It would take hours to work out."

Sharpe: "It doesn't take a second. It will fall on January 1st, of course."

A Match-Box Trick.

Take an empty wooden match-box and slit open the cover at the joint. Place the cover on the table so as to form a little tunnel wide enough to allow the drawer of the box to pass through. Then place the drawer at one mouth of the tunnel.



The trick, now, is for someone to blow the drawer gently through the tunnel till it is clear of the other end by about an inch (which is easy), and then, while blowing from exactly the same position, to blow the drawer back again to whence it started (which is hard).

The picture gives the solution. The second part of the trick is performed by blowing against the palm of your hand whilst holding it immediately behind the drawer. The wind drives back from your hand, and back comes the drawer!

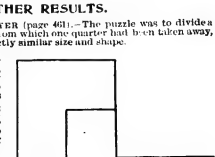
MR. X'S MONTHLY PRIZE.—No. 1.

RESULT.

The prize of 5s. offered in the July Royal, for what was, in Mr X's opinion, the best list of six different words having many entirely different meanings, has convinced Mr. X that his knowledge of the English language was decidedly imperfect. That words could have so many different meanings he had no idea. He finds that dear old words which he has often familiarly and lightly used are really creatures of immense importance with a train of meanings yards long, and he now uses them with the greatest respect. The labour of checking them compelled him to go away for a short holiday, which he spent in wandering about by the sea, and cooling his head against smooth, shady rocks. The 5s. goes to Mr. C. C. Matthews, St. Margaret's, Southsea, whilst puzzle-penknives or puzzle-purses have been awarded to Miss F. Wareing, The Cottage, Church Lawn, Cheltenham; Mrs. Brown, Depôt Barracks, Dorchester; and Mr. A. Downy, Munster House, Lucien Road, Tooting, S.W.

OTHER RESULTS.

The Ingenious Lawyer (page 461).—The puzzle was to divide a square portion of land, from which one quarter had been taken away, into four portions of exactly similar size and shape.



The Three Jugs (page 461). — The puzzle was, having a jug containing exactly 8 pints, and two empty jugs holding 5 pints and 3 pints respectively, to measure out two lots of 4 pints. This may be done by pouring the milk to and fro in the following way:—

8 pt. jug.	5 pt. jug.	3 pt. jug.
8	0	0
3	5	0
3	2	3
6	2	0
6	0	2
1	5	2
1	4	3
4	4	0

An Egg Problem (page 242).—295 eggs.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"LET——AND 'SOLD'!"

Mrs. Asspyre's Brilliant Idea and its Somewhat Unexpected Ending.

❦ ❦ ❦

By Gertie de S. Webster.

❦ ❦ ❦

"Mildred, the Sylke-Russells are coming to town for a week or two at the end of next mon——"

"Good gracious! How do you know?"

(Mrs. Asspyre rarely allowed her husband to complete his sentences.)

"Sylke-Russell sent me that bridge problem this morning, with a note saying that his wife would arrive a few days before him, and that she would then 'gladly avail herself of our invitation, given at Mentone, to stay with us for the inside of a week.'"

"Oh! Jimmy, what*ever* shall we do?"

Mr. Asspyre walked twice round the small hotel sitting-room, and then shrugged his shoulders by way of reply.

A shoulder shrug couldn't be cut short; but, although the action seemed justified by their recent continental tour, engineered by Messrs. Cook & Son, it went no distance towards smoothing away looming complications.

Let it be known that young Mr. and Mrs. Asspyre were not as well off as their silk linings and conversation seemed to suggest; therefore the habit of picking up rich acquaintances during their foreign travels sometimes led them into rather embarrassing situations, of which the impending advent of an ultra-smart married couple, to whom they had kow-towed at a Mentone hotel, was not the least awkward.

"Of course, you know, Jimmy, that the Sylke-Russells are under the impression that we—er—we have an artistically-furnished town establishment?"

"Then they'll have to get over the impression when our boarding-house—and—hotel method of existence becomes known to them, won't they? We ca——"

"Yes, I suppose so, but—but—*oh!* my inferences about the painted ceilings!"

"And *my* li—er—insinuations respecting the billiard-table!"

"I know I *hinted* about old oak."

"I am convinced I held out suggestions of a man-servant."

"And I am positive that I made allusion concerning a French cook."

"Just as I scattered innuendoes regarding the wine-cellar."

Copyright, 1904, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"What *shall* we do?"

Once more Mr. Asspyre's gesture was poignant and continental as he got on the further side of a big cigar, while Mrs. Asspyre puckered up her pretty brows and looked quite two-thirds of her real age.

After ten minutes' silence she evolved the results of the puckered brows.

"Jim, I've got an idea!"

"Keep it, darling, keep it—unless you can sell it to a fiction writer before he steals it."

"Just leave off scintillating for five minutes and listen to me. I have made up my mind that *at all costs* the Sylke-Russells, with their connections, must not find out that we, like 'all things,' are not what we seem! John Sylke-Russell, with his capital and lack of insight, is just the vice-chairman for your new company, and his wife can introduce me into the society where I can suitably display the gowns you'll buy me when the company is formed. We must not lose the Sylke-Russells, and to keep them we must contrive to justify our—er—insinuations and inferences."

"But how the dick——"

"Quite easily. Painted ceilings, old oak, a man-servant, a wine-cellar, the billiard-table, and the French cook must all be ready by the time Mrs. Sylke-Russell arrives in town."

"But, my dear, the capi——"

"Very little required. Only a few advance payments and some references (we can manage those somehow), and we'll be installed in a handsomely furnished 'furnished house' by the time the Sylke-Russells arrive!"

"But surely the Russells wi——"

"The *Sylke*-Russells, my dear. Do remember what papa always says—that a man's success in life largely depends upon never omitting a hyphen, or a double-barrel."

"Oh! I look after the barrels alright! But, as I was saying, the Sylke-Russells will find out th——"

"Not in the least! How *can* they? The whole affair will be managed by an agent from whom we shall take the furnished house for three or six months. I shall go round to that agent next to the post-office and see if he has anything on his books. I know you are thinking that such extensive outlay in order to impress *one* smart couple is overdone, but if we begin with the Sylke-Russells, we can go on elsewhere. It may be the commencement of great things!"

Feeling that comment would only end in

"I am convinced I held out suggestions of a man-servant."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

interruption, Mr. Asspyre nodded intelligently as his wife, who didn't even wait to see the end of the nod, hurried out of the room.

In an hour she returned looking less than half her real age, while not a pucker was visible on her brow.

"I've done it! It's all settled! I've seen a house. Old oak—billiard-table—*everything* except painted ceilings, and we must infer that they fell during our absence, or something. Now there's only the man-servant and French cook to engage, the wine-cellar to stock, the references to find, and the advance-payment cheque to write. No trouble—the agent arranges everything! The house has been let furnished for three months, and now the owners want another tenant and are willing to take an absurdly small rental rather than let the place remain empty till November, when they return to town for good. Isn't it lucky?"

Mr. Asspyre completed the unfinished nod.

"My dear Jimmy, do *say* something. The perpetual mandarin pose gets so monotonous."

"Well, darling, if you ask my opin——"

"I didn't, dear. I *didn't*. Now you run round to the agent and arrange the little cheque details, while I write to Mrs. Sylke-Russell."

When her husband had departed, Mrs. Asspyre made quite a little meal off her pen-holder before beginning to write.

It was a difficult letter to indite, as paper fibbing always seems uglier than verbal deviations.

However, it *had* to be done, so splash into the ink went the pen, and in a fine flowing hand the fibs were born:

"Gowing Hotel, W.

"Dear Mrs. Sylke-Russell,

"My husband tells me that you will be in town next month, and that we may expect the promised visit. How utterly charming!

"You will see by the above heading that we are sufferers from hotel discomforts just at the moment. The reason of this is that something has gone wrong with the ceilings at home (such a pity—we shall have to sacrifice the decorations in the cause of safety!), but we expect to be back among our belongings in less than a fortnight.

"How one misses one's own servants (especially the cook!) and one's household gods after a prolonged absence!

"I simply feel that my Steinway Grand is crying out for me to go and (with the help of Chopin!) bring it to life once more!

"Please let me know the date of your arrival, and how long you can spare us.

"Hoping that from now we may always see quite much of each other (a congenial friend is such a joy!),

"Yours most sincerely,
"MILDRED ASSPYRE."

* * * * * *

Of course, it was rather a blow to find that Mrs. Sylke-Russell would be able to put up for only one night at 9, Barchester Gardens, W., but Mrs. Asspyre so relied upon the elegance of their furnished house, combined with the general air of wealthy refinement pervading the whole *ménage*, to create themselves obviously people to be known, that she felt the twenty-four hours would cement a life-long friendship.

The old oak would be certain security enough to gain a nice lump of capital for Tom's company, and the dignified butler must form a trusty key to the gilt gates of semi-society!

These advance payments, references, etc., had been a nuisance, but they would inevitably repay themselves.

At last the day came for Mrs. Sylke-Russell's arrival, and with it——Mrs. Sylke-Russell!

Mrs. Asspyre welcomed her effusively, and, if possible, Mrs. Sylke-Russell responded still more effusively.

When the first prolonged amenities had mildly subsided, the visitor raised her lorgnettes to the appreciative angle (the impertinent angle is an inch lower) and gazed round her admiringly.

"So *this* is the house which I always pictured to myself as so charming? How just quite delightful!" she cooed, and behind the coo rang a semi-smothered giggle.

Mrs. Asspyre looked suitably deprecating.

"Yes, I think it's cosy and complete, but then one always loves one's own sticks, I think," she replied, adopting that most irritating of all lines of boastfulness—the humility method!

"Ah! and this is the Steinway which was crying out for you and Chopin? Beautiful tone!"

"Yes, I think it's improving now—constant practice does so much for a piano."

After previous innuendoes had been duly justified by careless mention of the French cook and the wine-cellar (to which the exquisitely-cooked dinner bore testimony), and a hurried display of the old oak and the billiard-table, Mrs. Asspyre felt that the outlay had done its work.

Mrs. Sylke-Russell was obviously impressed, and when she made her gushing

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

adieux the next day Mildred seemed to see the floating of herself and Jim's company. (*How* they would both rise to the top, to be sure!)

"Good-bye, dearest Mrs. Asspyre. Such a charming time in your charming house! Directly we are fixed up again in our own place (which will be as soon as possible), you and your husband must come and stay with us. I long to show you *my* household treasures." (The "place" sounded so hopefully baronial.) "Good-bye again, you'll hear of me *very* soon—*very soon*." (Why, her cordiality almost savoured of another semi-giggle!) "*Au revoir*." A parting smile and Mrs. Sylke-Russell had gone.

The next afternoon, when Mildred and her husband were busy discussing the social and financial benefits likely to accrue from intimacy with the Sylke-Russells, the servant entered with an oblong envelope bearing the stamp of the house-agent with whom they had made all negotiations concerning No. 9, Barchester Gardens.

Mr. Asspyre broke the seal, read the letter five times in silence, and then handed a typed document (which ran as follows) to his wife:

"Dear Sir,

"We are instructed by our clients, the owners of the house and furniture which you are now renting, to state that should you wish to shorten your tenancy, they will be glad to disregard the four months' agreement, as it is their wish to take up occupancy again sooner than they originally intended. Awaiting your reply, we beg to remain,

"Yours obediently,

"LANDER & SELL.

"P.S.—Should you prefer to communicate direct with the owners, please address Mr. or Mrs. Sylke-Russell, who are at present staying at the Cosmopole Hotel."

"Great Scott!" said Mr. Asspyre, and for once in a way he was allowed to finish his sentence!

"So *this* is the house which I always pictured to myself as so charming? How just quite delightful!" she cooed, and behind the coo rang a semi-smothered giggle.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Real Life Romances.

True Stories of Life are Acceptable for this Feature.

A Strange Foster Mother.

SOMETIMES one hears of a dog deprived of its puppies finding consolation in rearing a litter of kittens. But it is not often that one finds a cat taking kindly to birds, except from an inward point of view.

However, there is a cat, and a Cornish cat too, that successfully mothered a brood of chickens. It is the property of Mrs. Williams, of Trenant.

Here is the story:

Puss one day found herself the mother of five little kittens, such helpless, blind little creatures they were. Alas, before the morning had half passed there came a tragedy. Every-one of her kittens were taken from her and drowned. After a while Pussy began to grow anxious, and with piteous mews to trot around in search of her missing offspring.

In the back yard a dozen fluffy yellow chicks flitted about the grass. Pussy noticed them, and in her mind she no doubt thought: "These would be just the very things to bring up."

So she dropped on her haunches, and, paw by paw, crept nearer to the coop. A long pounce, and the first little whistling, golden ball was in her mouth.

Off went Mistress Pussy and promptly deposited the little creature, which was too young to be much frightened, into her nest. Back she came and took another off in triumph. And so this went on until the whole of the old hen's brood had been kidnapped.

Then Pussy gave up mourning for her own lost ones, and very gently curled herself up in the nest beside her little charges.

The surprise of Mrs. Williams can well be imagined when she came to look in the coop and found not a single chicken there. At first, she feared that rats, or a "hunter cat" had eaten the brood.

Chance led her to see how the cat was faring after the loss of its family.

And then—there lay Puss with the whole golden brood chirping around, purring and every now and then gently touching one with her soft padded paw. Never was mother more solicitous for the welfare of her offspring.

Every day Puss sallied out with her adopted children clustering around her. When she thought they had been out long enough she would take them, one by one, in her mouth and carry them back to her nest.

But in spite of this somewhat unusual treatment the cat brought up every one of her adopted children. And I hear that they are thriving excellently well.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Death Grip.

NO way of meeting death is more horrible than that of seeing it approach as slowly and surely as night succeeds day. The agonies, the mental torture of one so placed, cannot be possibly conveyed in words.

Such happenings are fortunately rare in this country. And yet, not many weeks ago, a carriage examiner, employed by the Great Western Railway at Landore Viaduct, near Swansea, passed through this terrible ordeal.

One day, whilst walking along the line, his foot slipped and became wedged in a check-rail. (This is a rail running closely alongside one of the main metals for a short distance, and usually placed where there is a curve on the line.)

For a minute he tugged leisurely, never for a moment imagining that he would have any difficulty in freeing his foot. Then his efforts became more violent. Still his boot remained immovably fixed. Hot with the exertion, he paused a moment to rest, glancing at his watch in the meanwhile. An icy thrill ran down his back. He realised that in a few minutes an express would pass.

The horror of the situation now came on him with appalling vividness. He struggled violently until his ankle bones felt as if they would be wrenched from their sockets.

In his frenzy he shouted and screamed for help. Not a soul responded to his cries. The utter helplessness of his position, for a time, stunned him. Then he tried to collect his thoughts. Was there no other means of releasing himself from the iron clutch? At last, inspiration came. Why had he not thought of it at the first? If he could not free his boot from the rails, he could certainly free his foot from the boot!

Trembling with excitement the man bent down, and, with twitching fingers, worked nervously at the knot.

In the distance, a black speck, emitting volumes of white smoke, was rushing towards him.

Now not a hundred yards lay between him and death. He glanced up. The shining buffer caps glowed like fiend's eyes. Again he tore with frantic haste at the boot-lace.

The knot came free.

The train was almost on him. It was impossible for him to get his foot from the boot in time. The man became once more a man. His brain was clear.

Leaning backward as far as possible from the line, with only the heel and sole of his boot resting on the line, he calmly awaited the train's approach.

A shrill whistle, the roar of heavy wheels, it had come at last! Then he felt a violent blow on his leg, and—the world went black.

Some time later two men found him lying beside the line with his imprisoned leg broken. Although his injuries were severe he was certainly fortunate in escaping so lightly.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

A Leap for Life.

ONE starlight August evening, not very long ago, a train of sixteen coaches left Clacton-on-Sea. Nearly all the carriages were filled to their utmost with merry crowds of children.

In one compartment sat four occupants, Mrs. W——, her son Charles, and a most prim-looking lady and her daughter, a pretty girl of twenty.

Nothing happened until the train drew up at Marks Tey.

Here it is that the Colne Valley line forms a junction with the main line. On to this branch line the train had to be shunted; so, for ten minutes the four occupants of this particular compartment sat patiently. Charles had buried himself in the contents of an evening paper, and was very much absorbed in the account of a cricket match. As for the others, they lay peacefully back in the seats, endeavouring to while away the time in sleep.

Suddenly a shrill whistle broke the stillness.

Instantly Charles dropped his paper and started to his feet. What was that he heard—a train! Great Scott! and they were still on the main line! Letting down the window he gazed with startled eyes up the line.

Three bright lights were fast approaching down the incline from Colchester. He glanced at his watch. Heavens! the London express was due.

Already the thunder of her heavy wheels had grown louder. A vision of the huge boiler and chubby copper funnel hurtling into those sixteen carriages rose before his eyes.

The fast-approaching lights, and the ever increasing roar seemed to fascinate him. With a desperate effort he drew his head in. A nameless terror seized him. Bounding to the opposite door, he opened it frantically.

"Quick, mother, jump!" he shrieked. "Jump for your life! The express is on us!"

And his mother jumped.

Scarcely had she disappeared into the darkness than Charles became aware of a black silk dress dashing past, followed closely by a white muslin. The prim lady and her daughter had followed suit.

There was no time to be lost, so, with a do or die sort of feeling, he also took the plunge. And all four rolled beside the line, bruised but feeling devoutly thankful at their escape.

Suddenly, a shrill whistle rent the air followed by a great roar, lights flashed, dust flew. Then, all was still. The express had passed—but on the *other* line.

For at least a minute Charles W—— was not quite sure what had happened. If everybody else had been killed, he had not. Neither had the prim old lady nor her daughter.

Then the truth slowly dawned on him. The train had been shunted after all. It must have taken place whilst he was reading the paper.

What an ass he had made of himself!

Digitized by Google — Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

A Turn of Fortune's Wheel.

SOME twenty years ago Henry Dawson was a small boy living in Sheffield. There was one other child, his sister, and the two were devoted to each other.

But fortune frowned on them. Their parents died within a few months of each other. Thus the two children were left alone in the world.

Some friends adopted the little girl, and shortly afterwards took her off to America. But the boy was too proud to accept their charity. So forthwith he determined to set about earning his own livelihood.

Finding that he could get no work in Sheffield, he journeyed to Liverpool.

Meanwhile time had slipped by. His sister had written regularly to him for the first few years. He had replied at rare intervals, until, at length, all correspondence ceased between them. He knew nothing of her—not even that she had married a rich wine merchant.

All day he worked at the quay-side, carrying passengers' luggage aboard the steamers, for he had now become a landing-stage porter.

Now we must leave him and cross to America to the home of Dawson's sister.

The tide of her brother's misfortunes had turned. He did not know this, but the news had reached his sister.

Thereupon she determined to find her brother.

Having crossed to England, and searched in vain for many weeks, chance one day threw a clue in her way. She learnt that not twelve months back he had been working as a porter on one of the landing stages at Liverpool.

Thither she repaired and at last discovered a porter that had lodged in the same slum with him.

There she found her brother.

It is useless to describe the joy of the sister, who after journeying thousands of miles had, at length, succeeded in her quest. Tears welled in her eyes as she looked upon him whom she had last seen as a small boy. What a change had taken place in both of them!

But then there was the news—the great news that had brought her across land and sea to search the length and breadth of England to find him.

He was now *rich*, she told him.

The words fell like a blow upon the man. He—rich! He who had worked until his back ached under the burden of the heavy boxes that impatient passengers demanded to be taken aboard the ships. He—rich! It seemed impossible! Was she not mistaken? But no, his sister went on to tell him where the unexpected wealth had come from. A little-known uncle had died in South America. He was a cotton planter, rich, with no relatives in the world but themselves. It was from there the money had come. Ten thousand pounds was his share—his to do what he willed with.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Story of the Goose.

Photo Reid, Wishaw.

The long and tedious task of hatching a family.

An Interesting and Seasonable Article on the Most Delicious of Birds.

By Laura Wilson.

Roast goose, stuffed with sage and onions! Fat, rich, delicious goose—where does it come from? From the poulterer's shop; yes, and before that? Perhaps from some Norfolk or Lincolnshire common, fen, or farm—possibly from Russia.

Gos—the goose—may well claim to be the best beloved and most celebrated of all birds in ancient and modern history. He has been long in the making from the wild grey goose into the Michaelmas goose of to-day.

It is generally accepted that the domestic goose has been evolved by years of careful selection from the Wild Grey Leg or Wild Bean Goose, called "bean" from the bean or shield on the end of its beak, which were distributed all over the globe, and which at one time were very numerous in England.

Immense numbers of wild geese lived in the fens till probably the end of the eighteenth century, when the fens were drained and commons inclosed, thus doing away with the "gozzards," goose-herds' and goose girls' occupation. They tended the young wild geese, which were taken from the old ones and easily tamed, and "led" out to feed on the grass of the fens till quite fat, when they were sold for market.

The barbarity of plucking them *alive* several times a year was practised for the sake of their feathers, which were of considerable value in the days when no family was thought to be respectable without a real feather bed. Steel pens having superseded quills, the wing feathers became practically marketless, though, in 1870, which was the last year our Board of Trade kept a record of this dying importation, no fewer than twenty-seven and a half million goose quills for writing were received, valued at £20,591. These quills are now principally used for

Photo Reid, Wishaw.

Four happy families out for a morning stroll.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

tooth-picks, and one factory in Paris turns out more than 100,000,000 yearly.

In the old days it was no unusual thing for a single man to own 1000 old geese, each of which reared from seven to eight young ones, so that at the end of the season he would have many thousand birds.

A considerable number are still reared where access can be had to commons and waste lands, where they will graze all day. It is not profitable to keep them on good pastures, as they eat almost as much as a sheep, and crop the grass even closer.

A gander is generally mated with three geese about the beginning of the new year. They will sometimes breed till thirty or forty years old, and will occasionally live till seventy or eighty—which accounts for the difficulty sometimes experienced in carving a goose!

At the great goose market at Friedrichsfeld in Prussia there are large tanks into which the geese are periodically driven for a watering.

About February the goose makes her nest in the corner of a shed or in some other secluded spot. The nest is an untidy collection of straw, which the gander will often assist in gathering. With this the goose mixes some down pulled from her own breast, in order to keep the eggs snug and warm. She lays from ten to fifteen eggs of a dirty bluish-white, and very unlike the golden ones laid by that most dear and wonderful goose "once upon a time."

On her eggs she sits patiently from twenty-eight to thirty days, coming off each day to feed and have a bath. Before leaving the nest she pulls some of the down and straw over the eggs to keep them warm. Occasionally, the gander will take her place for the time being. He is always very attentive to the sitting goose, and will often stay an hour or two by her side. When she is sitting the birds must not be disturbed—at least by strangers—or the gander may attack, and a blow from his wing is capable of breaking an arm.

Many ganders are fierce and dangerous at any time, and will run after and strike with beak and wing those whom they consider have no business to look at or come near them or their family.

When the fluffy yellow, and grey and yellow goslings are twenty-four hours old, they are taken from the nest, and the old goose with her family is put into a coop or under a large crate on dry ground where there is some shade, as goslings cannot bear the full sun.

They are then given their first food by hand, which consists of soaked bread or little rolls or pellets of dough, which are soaked in ale, raw eggs, or milk.

At the end of a day or two the young ones can feed themselves, and will eat meal, also corn which has been soaked, and will peck at or "bibble" chopped green stuff and grass.

For about a week they are kept in a confined run, but after that they begin to forage for themselves. They and the old goose are

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

then given full liberty, merely being shut up at night in a house bedded down with straw.

In the early autumn or late summer there is a certain demand for "green" geese, which are the grass or green-fed geese.

A little later comes the Michaelmas goose, when it is, according to the local phrase, a "stubble" goose, namely, a goose which has fattened on the grains of corn which have shelled out in the stubbles or fields from which the corn has been cut and carted. It is there the geese are driven early in the morning to spend the day in foraging for food.

The custom of eating goose on Michaelmas Day is an extremely old one, and no doubt originated when Saints' days were real feast days. What could have been more seasonable and tasty a dish than a fat young goose on St. Michael's Day, September 29th? Queen Elizabeth was keeping up the old custom of dining off goose on that day when news was brought to her of the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

It is popularly supposed that the term "bean-feast," *alias* "beano," arose from the custom of farmers years ago regaling their labourers at the end of harvest with a feast of "bean"-geese, hence "bean-goose feast"—bean-feast. This custom was at one time universal. The "wayz" (stubble) or harvest goose has for centuries been a dish seasonable at the end of harvest, *i.e.*, Michaelmas or thereabouts.

The geese eaten years ago were wild, and, being the principal dish at this feast after harvest, gave it the name of "bean-feast." The name survives, but a "bean-goose" is seldom a dish at a "beano."

The derivation of the term "wayz" is from the old English word "wayz," *i.e.*, stubble, and "wayz" or stubble-fed goose was the head dish at the entertainment which was given annually to printers formerly at the beginning of winter.

An amusing anecdote is told in connection with the pedestrian capacity of the goose, dealt with later on. In 1740, Lord Orford made a wager with the Marquis of Queensbury that a drove of geese would beat an equal number of turkeys in a race from London to Norwich.

Special trains containing nothing but geese are run between the northern provinces of Russia and Friedrichsfeld.

The geese kept on the road at a steady pace, while the turkeys at night-fall flew into the trees to roost, and were only dislodged in the morning with some trouble by their drivers. The geese, not wanting to stop and sleep all night, beat the turkeys hollow, arriving in London two days before the latter.

Geese are generally supposed to be the silliest of all birds. Ask anyone not intimately acquainted with them which is the most stupid bird, and they will at once say a goose, whereas it is far more intelligent than

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Thousands of geese in their pens at the great goose-market at Friedrichsfeld in Prussia.

the vast majority of wild or domestic birds, and it would be paying stupid persons a compliment to say they were no sillier than a "silly" goose.

On the famous Rosetta Stone, an ancient Egyptian monument, erected B.C. 195, with inscriptions in three different languages, the goose is used as a hieroglyphic to signify a silly person! So, no doubt, Egyptians of 6000 or 9000 years ago said, "You silly goose" just as we do to-day. This definition, which has stuck to the goose in the same way as a bad name sticks to a dog, probably arose from the fact that some ancient Egyptian in racking his brains to find a symbol to represent a simpleton thought of a goose as an emblem not already used for some other meaning. Poor, libelled bird!

In a wild state the goose is so keen of sight and hearing as to be seldom outwitted by the gunner, hence a futile, useless thing is "a wild goose chase." After a day spent in a most carefully concealed pit dug in the sand hills over which the geese will have to fly on their way to feed, the wild goose chaser will, in all probability, return home at night cold, wet, stiff, and gooseless, for no human ingenuity can prevent the birds seeing the gunner and rising when just within shot.

The flight of wild geese is very stately and majestic, and, unless beating against a gale, they generally fly in close Indian file, or in the form of a V, a single bird forming the point of the letter, and diverging strings of birds the two lines.

This order of flight is for the purpose of lessening the resistance of the air to all except the leading bird, and each bird of the "gaggle" takes its turn as leader.

Photo Reid, Wishaw.

Father, mother, and the little ones enjoying a morning swim.

These so-called silly birds always post sentinels when feeding, resting, or sleeping; they are most wakeful at night, and, as in the case of the Capitoline

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

geese, are far better than watchdogs in detecting the faintest movement or sound, and immediately cackle a warning. The way in which each flock of geese upon a common with many others belonging to various owners, keeps itself to itself, and returns home with not a bird strayed or missing, proves like nothing else that the epithet "silly" is grossly libellous.

Geese often become very attached to certain people, and will answer their call from a distance, and fly screaming towards them to have their heads and necks pulled and stroked. They will tug at buttons, laces, and clothes, and poke their heads into pockets. A goose has been known to leave his family and friends in the pond or pasture to stand and watch a man he has taken a fancy to, and to follow him about and walk home to dinner with him, waiting outside his house like a dog, and gravely and majestically following him back to his work again. Sometimes geese become attached in the same way to a particular horse on the farm on which they live.

Before the decline in area of uninclosed commons and the draining of fens, and the facilities of cheap rearing, it was no uncommon thing in a goose district to meet 1000 geese on the road six or eight weeks before Christmas going to the various dealers to be fattened, where as many as 10,000 geese could be seen, these having been brought from many large and small breeders.

Previous to the opening of railways, immense numbers of geese reared in Norfolk, Lincolnshire, and elsewhere, travelled to London by road before Michaelmas and Christmas. The *St. James' Chronicle* of September, 1783, mentions that "a drove of about 9000 geese passed through Chelmsford on their way to London."

The drivers used to be provided with a long stick, with a red rag at one end and a hook at the other; by the former the geese were incited forward, and by the latter stragglers were caught and kept in order. A hospital cart attended each drove to carry the lame birds. The geese are said to have performed the journey at the rate of eight to ten miles a day, they were on the road from three in the morning till nine at night.

Vast numbers of geese are imported by Germany from Russia, the Germans being great lovers of rich, fat goose-flesh. The country cannot nearly supply its own demand. A special goose train arrives daily in Berlin from the Russian frontier, fitted especially for and occupied solely by this traffic. The annual importation of Russian live geese amounts to 6,875,810, and of the value of £978,350.

Size rules the price of a goose, for a poulterer will only offer 10d. per lb. for geese of 7lb. to 10lb., while he will give 1s. 3d. for those of 15lb. to 20lb., and as much as 1s. 6d. for birds above this weight.

Exhibition birds of the large Embden (?) and grey and white Toulouse variety sometimes attains the enormous weight of 26lb. to 38lb.

Michaelmas geese are killed straight off the fields.

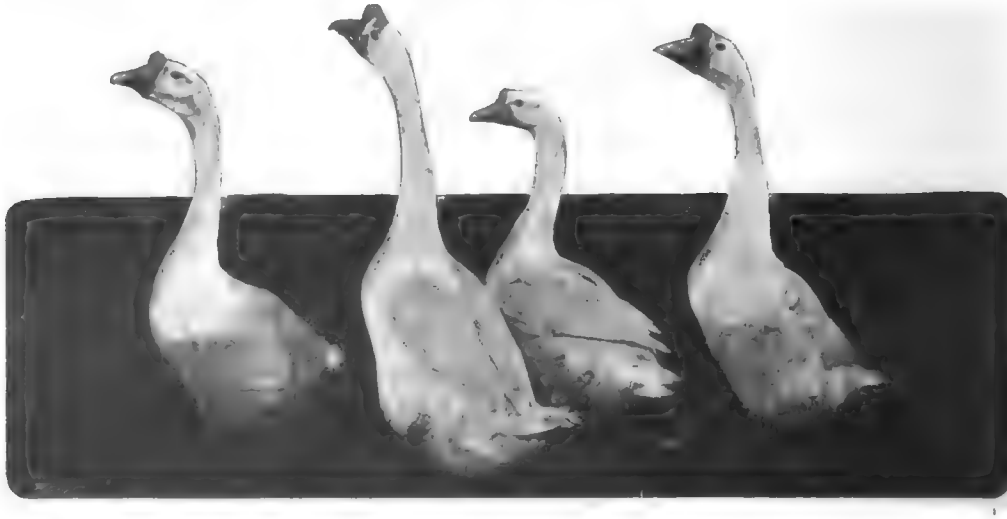
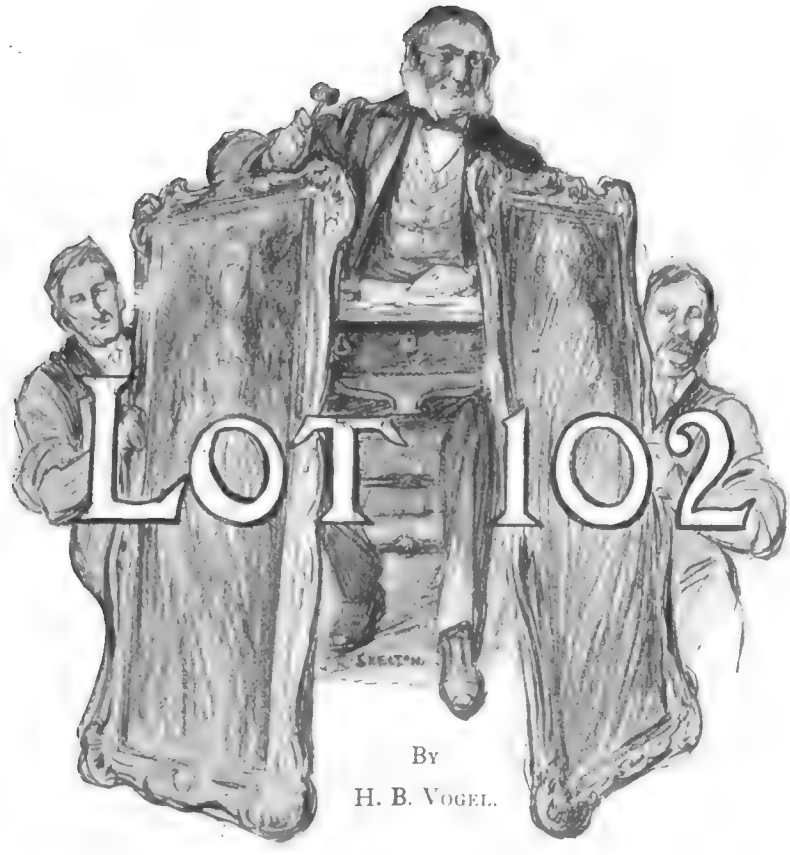


Photo Reid, Wishaw.

Offended Dignity.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



By
H. B. Vogel.

The Romance of an Auction Room.

"Cheer up, mother!" I said, though indeed I saw little enough of cheerfulness in the prospect ahead us.

"It's not so much that I mind leaving Norton Stanmore," she answered, "or even selling our things. It's the future. It will be so hard to earn even the little money we may want."

I hadn't the heart to contradict her. It was so true; so obviously and relentlessly true.

There was nothing unique in the story of our misfortunes. The pity is such stories are so common.

Mother with her beauty and her opportunities as niece of a peer might have made a splendid marriage. But she preferred, in spite of every prospect of poverty, love to riches and ran away with father in the days when he was an impecunious young Army captain. With that she passed out of the knowledge of her rich relatives; and her pride and father's were such that the gulf was never bridged.

At first things went well. Father was ordered to India and as a tiny child my earliest recollection of a nurse was a tall graceful *ayah*. Then in some frontier trouble father contracted a chill, and from being a strong man he wasted to a hopeless invalid. With what little money he had saved he bought an annuity and came to Norton Stanmore and settled down in the quaint rambling old Manor House, which, with all its contents, Uncle James, the only relative that father ever knew of, had left him.

There, with the aid of mother's skill at poultry-farming, and my slender earnings from the sale of fancy faces and sketches (I had found a regular, if dreadfully niggardly customer in a London shop), we managed to live comfortably and happily.

But our years of happiness were numbered. Father grew slowly worse and worse, and try as we would, towards the end the expenses grew and bills cropped up.

When father died the full extent of our

Copyright, 1904, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

misfortunes became apparent—the old home was mortgaged beyond its value. The lawyers in Cambridge, to whom we owed a half-year's interest, told us that the place would have to be sold.

They were within their rights; we had no reason to question their decision. Besides, how could mother and I even hope to pay the interest without the assistance of father's annuity? And so we decided—she and I—that everything had better be sold. Ah, how we talked it over between us, and it always came back to the one chance of my making sufficient for our wants in London.

"I might even get some pupils," I said; and once again, as we wandered through the house and saw the old familiar furniture ticketed and numbered, I tried to cheer her with this possibility.

Nothing had been forgotten—the old lumber room in the roof had been ransacked, and odd chairs with splintered legs and broken seats, tables scarcely able to stand even when propped against the wall, had all been brought down and duly enrolled in the pretentious little catalogue.

"Why, good gracious me! they've even unearthed those two old pictures!" exclaimed mother.

Leaning against the wall were two very large old oil paintings. Their frames had once been richly carved. Now chipped and blackened they certainly lent no additional beauty to the pictures.

Yet I was fond of those two old paintings. We had found them stored away in the old lumber loft when first we came to the Manor House. They were cob-web-covered and black with the dust of years. Impelled by curiosity I had taken up a bowl of warm water and had tenderly washed them.

The result was to me a genuine surprise. I laid no claim to being a judge, but my knowledge of drawing and love of painting both impressed upon me the conviction that the hand that had painted the two pictures had been either that of a skilled copyist or a great artist.

Yet father had laughed at me.

"Daubs of orange and black," he declared, "good job the women don't dress like that now anyway."

"They must have been very pretty—the originals," I answered.

"You think they're relics of the old days, when the family had money, and lived in London? Don't believe it. They'd have been sold ages ago, I'll be bound. Uncle James hadn't enough sentiment to stick to anything merely for sentiment's sake, if they were of any value."

My belief was not so readily shaken. But when, one day, a friend of father's, who proclaimed himself a judge of these things was visiting father, I induced him to take a look at my two pictures. He smiled.

"Very nice," he said; "but——" He shook his head. "My dear young lady, these old masters are to be found by the dozen throughout the length and breadth of the country. They're very happy up here—excellent place for them. Nice and dark."

And so the old pictures once more slowly gathered the dust and hid themselves.

Perhaps even I forgot about those two young girls in their soft graceful dresses. There was a lot of white about their draperies, it had grown to a deep yellow. Their faces, too, seemed beautiful.

An auction of a whole houseful of furniture, and that house the old Manor House, was an event in Norton Stanmore. Dear kind old Mr. Busby the local auctioneer—and goodness knows what besides—grew even more pompous than was his wont. Even the perpetual smile on his round old face gave way to a look of seriousness as he bustled and flustered about preparing the catalogue. He knew mother's position and he never lost an opportunity of trying to comfort and reassure her.

"Give me a fine day and I will have a record attendance—record. They'll sell well. There'll be a tidy little sum over to take to London when everything has been squared up. I'm going to send some of the catalogues to the dealers in Cambridge and Ely, there are one or two nice little bits of Sheraton and Chippendale here. Dear, dear—eh?" to some muddled assistant. "I'll do it myself, I'll do it myself," and off he hurried.

Mother and I slept in the house sharing a bed in the little attic until the day of the sale. The private view—Mr. Busby insisted on a private view day—was two days before the sale. Yet even prior to that, we had a visitor. A stout unpleasant man with loud voice and ugly pimply face called. He came, as his card explained, from Cambridge and represented a firm of antique furniture dealers.

I showed him round, and he ticked off several items on the catalogue. The two old pictures I took care to point out to him, and he made a close examination of them.

"No value," he remarked casually as he turned away, and yet I noticed that he had another good look at them before he left.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

On the private view day there were quite a number of people. Mother and I remained in the house. Where else were we to go? Besides we had determined to see the last of our old home, even though we saw it scattered piece by piece to each highest bidder.

Presently, walking into the drawing room, it had once been so pretty and was for the size of the house quite large, I espied the pimply-faced man from Cambridge. He was not alone. Peering into the picture which the stout man was holding near the window was a little shrivelled old man. I should have noticed him in that assemblage in a moment. He was so obviously a town-mouse. His clothes were so scrupulously clean; his black frock coat and shiny top-hat so unfamiliar a sight in our little village.

I watched from across the room with interest, and, somehow, with a feeling of excitement. Were my old pictures after all of value?

Very carefully and very thoroughly the little old gentleman examined the two canvasses. Then, without making the slightest sign of approval or disapproval, he walked away, after a cursory glance at one or two pictures on the walls.

I confided the facts to Mr. Busby, telling him of my old belief that the two pictures were the work of some famous artist.

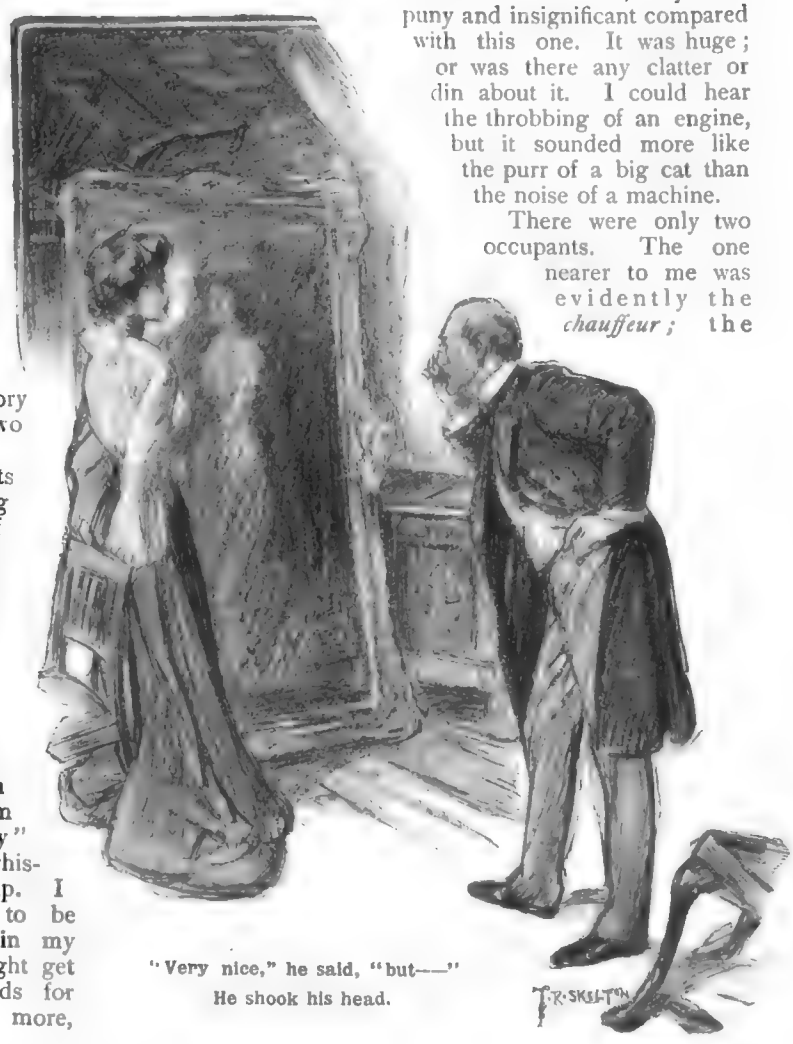
"I doubt it, I doubt it. I've sold in my time numbers of old paintings of that sort. But I'll keep a look-out, and if the old gentleman bids, I'll recognise him quick enough. Why"—in a mysterious whisper—"I'll run him up. I will! Oh, I used to be pretty smart at it in my young days. We might get ten or fifteen pounds for those old pictures; or more, even. Fifty, eh? Wouldn't that be a nest egg! Ah, well, we mustn't expect too much."

The all-important day was, after all, gloriously fine; just a typical English spring day. I felt too excited and nervous to stay indoors, and as mother refused to accompany me, I put on my hat.

I was on my way home again, and had just stopped to ask Jackson, the blacksmith, about his sick wife, when I heard the noise of a motor-car horn. A moment later the car appeared round a bend of the road and rapidly drew near. It slackened speed as it approached, and outside the smithy it came to a standstill.

Motor-cars were comparatively rare in Norton Stanmore, for we were well away from the main roads; but wonderful as were such as I had seen, they were puny and insignificant compared with this one. It was huge; or was there any clatter or din about it. I could hear the throbbing of an engine, but it sounded more like the purr of a big cat than the noise of a machine.

There were only two occupants. The one nearer to me was evidently the *chauffeur*; the



"Very nice," he said, "but——"
He shook his head.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

other, who had been driving, rose up as the car stopped, and pushing up his goggles disclosed the strong, handsome, clean-shaven face of a man who might have been anything between seven and twenty and seven and thirty.

"You had better try," he said to the chauffeur, "and see if you can——" I lost the rest. "And," he added, as he walked round the front of the car, "you had better get that tyre off and put it right before we go any further."

I don't think he had noticed me before that moment. But as he came towards Jackson I turned to go, and our eyes met.

I wonder if watches are made to register so tiny a period as that during which his eyes looked into mine. I don't expect so. But it was long enough as I walked away from him to fix the image of him in my mind. He probably had seen thousands of girls much more attractive-looking than I was. But men such as he were never to be seen in our little village.

Half an hour later the auction had begun. The first portion of the sale was of our bedroom things and then followed the contents of the kitchen.

Mother and I both wrote down each price as the things were sold; and I really felt inclined to cry as some of my pet belongings were knocked down for pence.

There were several dealers from Cambridge and Ely, Mr. Busby whispered to us during a brief interval. The pimply-faced man was there; and—yes, over in the corner was the little old gentleman! I told Mr. Busby.

"I've seen him," and then he winked, dear, rude old man, and I guessed what he meant to convey.

They had started upon the drawing-room things when there was a stir in the doorway—the sale was taking place in the drawing-room—and through the crowd a way was made, and the man of the motor-car walked in. He did not see me. Mr. Busby perched on a table, with a small table in front of him, effectually screened me. So I could watch in safety, as it were.

I surmised that he had come in in order to kill time. He glanced carelessly about, and took stock of the people, the dealers at the end of the long table facing Mr. Busby, and the rector's wife, and doctor's wife, and the farmers, and villagers, and their women folk.

I forget what was being sold, but as the bids were slowly gathered by Mr. Busby there were bandied to and fro the sort of jokes and jests that had been going on since the sale began.

Lot 102 was the two pictures. They were lifted up and put on the table; nor did their appearance do more than elicit a fresh supply of feeble wit from the dealers.

"The Siamese Twins."

"Do fine to paste your bills on, sir," to Mr. Busby.

"Wearing bath towels ain't they, Bill?"

"No, chiffong."

"Genuine old masters," laughed the pimply-faced man with a sneer.

"Lot 102," read Mr. Busby, ignoring the shower of jests. "A pair of old oil paintings. Gentlemen," he continued, "these pictures may be most valuable. The artist is not known, but they have been in the family of the vendors for generations. Now what shall we say for them?"

"A bob the two," said a voice.

"Nonsense, nonsense," ejaculated Mr. Busby. "There may be a fortune in these pictures. Come, come, ten pounds shall we say?"

"Ten shillings," said the pimply-faced man after a pause.

"Well, well, ten shillings the pair; going for ten shillings the pair. Now then, who says a pound?"

There was no response, except for the tittering of some of the women, on whom Mr. Busby's quick eyes happened to fall.

I think the old man at that moment felt genuinely disappointed. I know I did; and it struck me that the sudden silence of the dealers seemed to suggest a determination not to bid.

"Ten shillings," repeated Mr. Busby.

"Knock it down, governor," said the pimply-faced man.

"Ten shillings," repeated Mr. Busby, looking from side to side, his eyes resting for a moment on the man from the motor-car who however was looking towards the pictures. "Going at ten shillings."

"Go on, knock 'em down," growled one of the dealers, "We can't stay all night over a pair of old pictures black as yer 'at."

"For the second time, going at ten shillings," said Mr. Busby slowly raising his hammer.

My eyes, travelling over the crowd, fell on the man from the motor-car. Taking his eyes for a moment from the pictures—he was standing by the wall well away from them—he looked about. Then I saw him start. He had caught sight of the little old man in the shiny top-hat.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"For the third and last time going at ten shillings," said Mr. Busby, and his hammer was almost touching the table.

There was a sudden stir. The man from the motor-car was pushing his way towards the pictures. The little old man saw him, and I observed that he jumped to his feet.

"Knock 'em down," shouted the pimply-faced man.

"Excuse me, sir," exclaimed the man from the motor-car, "will you allow me a moment to look at these pictures?"

"Knock 'em down," shouted the pimply-faced man excitedly. "It ain't fair."

"A pound," said the man from the motor-car, as he reached the pictures.

"A pound," said Mr. Busby with a touch of triumph, "certainly, sir, by all means look at them. Thomas, turn yours to the light so that the gentleman can see."

"Thirty shillings," said the pimply-faced dealer.

Meanwhile the man from the motor-car was peering closely into the pictures.

"Two pounds," he said without looking up.

And so pound by pound the bids rose, the dealer bidding sullenly with apparent indifference, and the gentleman quietly and firmly, while he still closely scrutinised first one picture and then the other.

At length he had finished.

"Thank you," he said quietly and then stood up near the pictures at the side of the table where one of the farmer's wives had made room for him.

"Forty pounds," said Mr. Busby. "Your bid, sir."

"Guineas," said the dealer.

"Forty guineas," said Mr. Busby.

I was quite excited now. Really it did look as if Mr. Busby's fifty pounds would be reached.

The gentleman turned and looked at the little old man, and for a moment their eyes met. There was perhaps something of a puzzled look on the face of the former. As he once more faced Mr. Busby however, I could see that he, the man from the motor-car, had come to some resolve.

I turned to go, and our eyes met.

"Forty guineas," said Mr. Busby, and his hand closed over his hammer.

There was a moment's pause.

"Five hundred pounds," said the motor-car man quietly.

I gasped. I could hardly believe my ears. Five hundred pounds! Why it was riches to us in one single bid. I looked at mother and her eyes met mine appealingly. She was not merely bewildered, she was almost breaking down.

A squeeze of my hand and a smile from me braced her up and her smile of joy did as much for me. We were ready now for anything. And all the while the motor-car

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

man was as quiet and cool as if he had bid eighteen pence.

"Five hundred pounds," repeated Mr. Busby, and I could tell from his voice that he too was going through his share of amazement and incredulity. His lapse however was momentary. They gave him no time to be astonished.

"Fifty," said a thin voice, and I saw that the little old man was standing at the end of the table near the dealers. I could not help noticing the respectful manner in which the dealers made way for him.

"Six hundred!" said the motor-car man quietly.

"Seven hundred!"

"Eight hundred!"

"A thousand guineas," said the little old man.

"Fifteen hundred!"

"Two thousand!"

"Three thousand!" said the motor-car man.

I thought after the first shock that I was prepared for whatever might happen. But the extraordinary rapidity with which the bids had risen stunned me. It was like some dream. Three thousand pounds—no guineas, and for us! They were merely words. They conveyed nothing, the whole thing surely was a dream. I pinched myself. I was wide awake. It was a jest. No! It was not that, and I realised that my surmise was after all true. The pictures were indeed the work of a great old master, and these two moneyed giants meeting by pure chance were determined to secure at whatever cost within its value something of which they knew the full worth.

"Three thousand guineas," said Mr. Busby. It was the first time he had spoken since the bid of five hundred pounds.

"Four thousand!" said the little old gentleman.

"Five thousand!" was the answer.

There was a pause.

"Of course—er—" said Mr. Busby, "under the er—conditions—er——"

"There is a deposit required?" jerked out the little old gentleman quickly. "Certainly, I can and will give the necessary deposit."

At the same time he drew out and passed along a card.

"I'm quite unable to make a full deposit." said the man from the motor-car. "I happen to be here purely by chance. But if I buy the pictures you shall have the full amount handed to you this evening in London. Here is my card."

I whispered to Mr. Busby. I don't know what prompted me. It might have been a wish to see the duel fought to a finish for our own pecuniary gain. But the idea uppermost in my mind was that I trusted the motor-car man implicitly. I liked his face. Besides I had seen his great car and knew that it meant wealth. I knew he had stopped by chance and I knew that the little old man was here after having fully satisfied himself as to the pictures.

As I sat down the cards reached Mr. Busby. He read them. I saw him lift his eyebrows.

"My instructions are," he said, "to waive the question of deposit and proceed with the sale. Let me see, five thousand guineas was your last bid sir, I think?"

"Yes," said the motor-car man, and at the same time he looked fully at me and bowed. He had guessed what I had said.

"Six thousand!"

"Seven thousand!"

"Eight thousand!"

"Nine thousand!"

"Ten thousand!"

"Twelve thousand guineas!" said the motor-car man.

We in that room—outside the two men—were silent, awestruck, uncomprehending watchers of the scene. To mother and me it ought to have appeared very real. But our minds had failed to keep pace with the rapid advances, and the words, "twelve thousand," quietly uttered by the tall, handsome man were just so many words, and conveyed no adequate meaning.

"Thirteen thousand," snapped the little old man. He was getting irritable at the persistence of his opponent.

And now, steadily, but more slowly, the sum grew by bids of five hundred guineas, until at length, with an excited wave of his hand, the little old man bid twenty thousand guineas.

"Twenty-one thousand!" said the motor man quietly and promptly.

With a gesture of abandonment, the little old gentleman turned away from the table.

"Twenty-one thousand guineas," said Mr. Busby. "Going at twenty-one thousand guineas," he repeated.

"One hundred!" shouted the little old man.

"Two hundred!" bid the man from the car.

"Going at twenty-one thousand two hundred guineas," said Mr. Busby.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"For the second time at twenty-one thousand two hundred guineas."

"For the third and last time——"

"Three hundred!"

"Five hundred!"

And at twenty-one thousand five hundred guineas Mr. Busby's hammer fell.

And once it had nearly fallen on Lot 102 at ten shillings!

That ended the sale. What need now to sell the remnants of our home? Besides, how could one go back to bids of shillings or pence after such a scene?

The Earl of E——, for such was the identity of the man from the motor-car, came up to the table and in a few words arranged with Mr. Busby about the payment of the money; and very carefully were the precious paintings carried upstairs and locked away.

"I doubt very much," said the Earl to mother and myself, "whether I have really paid anything like the real value. The two famous Reynolds you all have been looking for for so long have turned up at last, eh, Wickham?" he added, turning to the little old man, who had walked up to the table.

And that was Wickham, the great art dealer of London.

"Yes," he answered, "and in my opinion two of the finest in existence. There's no harm in my saying that now, for you won't ever part with them, not for as much again, I know. If your lordship had come in ten minutes later I'd have got them for ten shillings, and no hearts would have been broken."

"Whilst as it is——," said the Earl of E——, laughing.

"You've got a bargain."

And the Earl—or Jack, as I call him now—persists in that statement.

"The best spent twenty thou' I've ever spent. I'm accounted a pretty good judge of a picture, and I didn't mind backing my opinion with the first five hundred. When old Wickham went one better I knew I was right; besides, I got them, as it turned out, for nothing."

And that's the worst of it; for he got *me* as well as the pictures.

"I tell you, dearie, you're cheap at the price. Twenty thou'! I'd have given fifty thou' for you alone—more."

It's no use my protesting or declaiming that I'm not a picture.

His only answer is that I am.

"I doubt very much," said the Earl to mother and myself, "whether I have really paid anything like the real value."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS

This is probably the largest tobacco pipe in the world. The bowl is four feet long and is carved out of the quaintly shaped root of an old tree.

There is Nothing Like Curious Photographs for Unfastening the Editor's Purse—Try!

A GIANT PIPE.

THIS odd and huge pipe is the property of Mr. Silver, an American.

Some time ago he bought a curious piece of wood, which proved to be from the root of an old and historical tree. Noticing its quaint shape, Mr. Silver decided to have it carved. The picture above shows the result—a huge pipe, or rather a collection of pipes.

On the root many weird faces are carved. Concealed in it are a number of trap-doors, from which, when opened, grotesque wooden figures pop out like Jack-in-the-Boxes.

Besides being ornamental, it is also useful. Indeed it might be called the "sociable pipe," for it can accommodate more than a dozen men with a smoke, each fed from a separate bowl.

As might be expected, Mr. Silver has had many offers for his wonderful pipe. Only a short time ago he refused to be tempted by a bid of one hundred pounds.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST GRAPE VINE.

IN the opposite paragraph is a description of a giant pipe. Here we have a giant vine. Most Londoners know about the great vine at Hampton Court. But alas! the picture below is of one which eclipses that venerable vine almost out of existence.

America is the home of giants, of giant falls, giant houses, giant—truths, giant everything, so it is only right that she should claim the largest grape vine in the world.

It is a double vine, consisting of two intertwined stems, and measuring six feet in circumference. These stems are said to join below ground and to be sustained by one root. The enormous extent of the vine can be judged by a comparison with the boy on the donkey.

Even in the Carpentaria Valley, California, the home of this mammoth, it attracts many sightseers, although vines of huge size which yield tons of grapes are not uncommon.

The largest vine in the world, growing in the Carpentaria Valley, California.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

A TIME-WORN TIME-PIECE.

WHAT a world of romance could be woven around this old clock! The tales of a grandfather clock would be modern compared with those that this, an ancestor's clock, could tell.

Kings and queens have ruled and passed away. Still it ticks on, telling the hour to all who care to see. For three hundred years its hand—it has but one — has marked the movements of the sun. Day in, day out, year in, and year out, with but a brief rest for repairs, it has performed its work.

An ancient clock that has told the time for three hundred years.

Naturally the townspeople of Castle Rushen, Isle of Man, are proud of their ancient time-piece. And well they may be, for it was presented to them in 1597, by Queen Elizabeth, just eight years after the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

The works are run by a complicated system of pulleys—very different from the wonderful mechanism of large modern clocks.

A NOVEL WALL-PAPER.

IN October, 1901, Mr. J. Donaldson - Edward started to collect stamps. Unlike the majority of philatelists, he did not content himself with placing them in an album. Instead, having cleaned and arranged the stamps according to their colour, he pasted them carefully on the walls of his bedroom.

Last December he completed his self-imposed task, having spent twenty-six months over it.

The room measures 14ft. in length, 12ft. in breadth, and 8½ft. in height. Merely pasting the stamps on the walls occupied 284 hours. In this work eleven bottles of paste were used and three pounds of gum.

Perhaps the pictures are the most striking object in the room. These are pasted on the wall and bordered by a cunning arrangement of stamps.

Altogether the room presents a charming and cosy appearance.

photo by J. Donaldson-Edward.

The walls, including the door, of this room, are all papered with postage stamps. It is the work of Mr. J. Donaldson-Edward, of Edinburgh, and took him twenty-six months to complete.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Sunny Jack.

Concerning the Visit of a Nephew from Australia; and why Detective Moss Followed so Closely on the Heels of Detective Clay.

By Leslie Thrale.

The Misses Clutterbuck, elderly and somewhat sour-visaged spinsters, sat in the drawing-room of their comfortable suburban residence engaged in the useful pastime of crewel work.

As their fingers, nimble from long practice, moved quickly amongst the stitches, their tongues scarcely less nimble, perhaps from the same reason, wagged equally fast.

Their topic of conversation was an unknown Colonial nephew, who had signified his intention of taking tea with them that afternoon.

"I must say, Eliza," observed Miss Maria Clutterbuck, the younger (by a little) of the two sisters, "that our nephew announces his intention of coming to see us in a very unceremonious manner."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Miss Eliza, "he never even takes the trouble to write, but just sends a telegram to say that he will be with us at tea-time this afternoon. Takes it for granted, too, that we shall be able to receive him. Very cool of him, I call it."

"We must make allowances for his Colonial up-bringing," said Miss Maria. "I have always heard that in Australia their manners are very free and easy. Still, it is curious that we should hear of his arrival so unexpectedly."

"John mentioned no dates in his last letter," remarked Miss Eliza. "He just said he was sending his eldest boy Dick home on a visit to England, and that he had told him to be sure and look us up directly he came to London."

"How long is it now since we got that letter?" inquired the younger Miss Clutterbuck.

"About ten days," returned her sister; "so that Dick must actually have been on the point of starting when John wrote it. Very curious of him to be so vague. By-the-bye, Maria, Dick must be a young man of five-and-twenty. It seems odd to think that we are going to make the acquaintance of a nephew whom we have never seen, and who is grown up."

"Very odd," assented Miss Maria, with her most juvenile cough. "I hope he will prove an agreeable young man. We must ask him to stay to dinner. No doubt, as he comes from that part of the world, he will be able to furnish us with details about the South Sea Mission."

"There he is, I expect," she added, as the front door bell rang.

A minute later the servant entered the room, bearing a card on a small tray.

"'Police-Inspector Roderic Clay,'" read Miss Eliza, adjusting her pince-nez. "From Scotland Yard, too. Dear me, Maria, what can a man from Scotland Yard want to see us about? I suppose we must ask him in."

Copyright 1904, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Of course," said Miss Maria briskly, "it must be something important, or he would not trouble us. Show the gentleman in, Jane," she went on, turning to the servant.

The girl presently returned, followed by a well-dressed, elderly man of rather military appearance.

"Good afternoon, ladies," said the stranger, bowing politely to the sisters; "I believe I have the honour of speaking to the Miss Clutterbucks?"

"Pray sit down, Mr. Clay," said Miss Eliza; "I perceive by your card that you are a detective from Scotland Yard."

"Yes," replied Mr. Clay; "I feel I must apologise for intruding upon you in such a manner, Miss Clutterbuck, but I am paying a number of visits in this district this afternoon, to put the householders on their guard against a very dangerous swindler."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the sisters anxiously.

"I mean," said Mr. Clay, "that, without wishing to alarm you unnecessarily, I feel it my duty to tell you that there have been a series of impudent robberies in this neighbourhood recently, and I think it only right that you should be warned."

"Housebreaking?" inquired Miss Maria nervously.

"No, nothing of that kind," said the detective. "This thief's method is quieter, and quite as effective. A good-looking young man is in the habit of calling at the houses of well-to-do people, and gaining admission on some plausible pretext or another. Occasionally he passes himself off as the piano-tuner, or as a man connected with the rates, but more frequently he poses as a more aristocratic visitor. For instance, the other day he went to a house near here and represented himself to be a distant relative of the master of the house. He had previously, of course, taken good care to ascertain that that gentleman was away from home."

"You don't mean to say the wife believed him," interposed Miss Eliza.

"She did indeed," responded the detective "and after he had left, several silver ornaments were found to be missing, to say nothing of sundry other small articles. It is astonishing how well he plays his part, and the way he gains an intimate knowledge of the domestic affairs of perfect strangers is simply astounding."

"I do hope we are not going to be visited by this dreadful man," said Miss Maria nervously.

"You must not worry yourself, madam," said the police-officer soothingly. "Very likely he will not come near this particular house; only, as I said just now, I felt it my duty to warn you to be careful about admitting strangers."

"What does he call himself?" asked Miss Clutterbuck.

"A different name each time, I fancy," replied the detective. "We call him Sunny Jack—I believe his real name is John Sunning. He is a gentlemanly young man of excellent manners. Hails from Australia or thereabouts."

At the mention of the word Australia the sisters exchanged a significant glance. The

"Pray sit down, Mr. Clay," said Miss Eliza; "I perceive from your card that you are a detective from Scotland Yard."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

same dreadful idea suddenly occurred to both of them. Supposing the telegram they had received that afternoon was not genuine?

What if Sunny Jack was about to pay them a visit in the *rôle* of their nephew Dick Clutterbuck? Possibly he knew that their nephew was on his way home, and was going to try and turn his knowledge to profitable account.

At all events, after a little reflection, Miss Eliza thought it prudent to mention their suspicions to the detective.

"Don't go for a minute, please, Mr. Clay," she said, seeing that gentleman had risen from his chair, and was moving towards the door. "It's a most singular thing, but I believe that Mr. 'Sunny Jack' is going to pay us a visit this very afternoon."

"My dear madam, what makes you think that?" asked the detective in surprise.

"Mind, it is only conjecture on our part," interposed Miss Maria; "but I think it wise to ask your opinion."

"Certainly, Miss Clutterbuck," said Mr. Clay; "tell me your reasons for supposing that Sunny Jack is going to come here this afternoon."

"Ten days ago," explained Miss Clutterbuck, "we received a letter from our brother, who lives in Sydney saying, that his eldest son, a young man of five-and-twenty was shortly proceeding to England on a visit. He said nothing about the time we were to expect him, so you can imagine our surprise when an hour ago we received a telegram, purporting to come from our nephew Dick Clutterbuck, saying that he hoped to take tea with us this afternoon. We never for a moment thought that our nephew would arrive in England so soon."

"I suppose you have heard nothing further from your brother," asked the detective, who had listened to Miss Clutterbuck's story with great attention.

"No," replied Miss Eliza; "that is the most curious part of it. Don't you think it possible that it may be a clever attempt on the part of your friend Sunny Jack to find his way into our household?"

Detective Clay got up from his chair in great excitement. "I believe you are right," he exclaimed.

"How lucky that you chanced to come in this afternoon," said Miss Maria excitedly. "Pray tell us what we must do. Will you arrest him on the doorstep?"

"I can't do that," said the police-officer, "for, of course, I must be sure first that the man is really an impostor. I should like to get a good look at him before he catches sight of me."

"Well, we shall be glad to help you in any way we can," said Miss Clutterbuck. "We place ourselves entirely in your hands."

Detective Clay considered for a moment.

"What room is above this," he asked at length, "looking out over the front door?"

"Our bedroom," answered Miss Clutterbuck.

"The best thing I can do then," said the detective, "if you ladies will kindly allow me, is to take up a position at the window up there. Then I can get a good look at the man as he comes in. If, as I suspect, he turns out to be our friend, I will slip quietly downstairs and go and secure assistance—then I will return and arrest him."

"Really," said Miss Maria, greatly perturbed, "I don't like the idea of entertaining a notorious swindler, even when it's in the cause of justice. Besides he may show us some violence."

"No fear of that, Miss Clutterbuck, I assure you. That is not his way of playing the game at all. He will be most polite and do his utmost to ingratiate himself with you."

"Detective Clay is quite right, Maria," said Miss Eliza firmly. "We had better lose no time about going upstairs—he may come any minute now. I will lead the way."

So saying, the sisters conducted the detective up to the bedroom, a large, airy apartment on the first floor, the windows of which commanded a clear view of the road.

"This will do admirably," remarked the police-officer; "I shall be able to see in a minute if your visitor is the man I want."

Trembling with excitement, the sisters went downstairs, and again settled themselves in the drawing-room to await the coming of their visitor.

"Quite an adventure, isn't it?" said Miss Maria.

"I should not have been overjoyed to see him, even if he was our nephew," remarked Miss Clutterbuck; "so I shan't find any difficulty in greeting him. I only hope he will come soon."

As the minutes slipped by, and no visitor appeared, the Miss Clutterbucks began to fear that Sunny Jack would disappoint them.

After half an hour of fruitless waiting, Miss Eliza grew impatient.

"I don't believe anyone is coming," she said at length. "He must have been warned that the police are after him, and has taken alarm; anyhow, I'm not going to have that man pottering about our bedroom any longer.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Detective or no detective, I shall go and tell him to come down."

"Just wait a few minutes more," urged her sister. "It would be such a pity to lose the opportunity of bringing the man to justice."

Even as she spoke they heard the front door bell ring violently.

"There he is," said Miss Maria excitedly. "Dear me! I feel so nervous—I wonder what he will be like." A minute later the door opened, and a stout red-faced little man was shown into the room.

The Miss Clutterbucks looked up in bewilderment. Surely, this fat elderly man was not going to have the effrontery to pass himself off as their nephew.

"Excuse me, ladies," said the newcomer, "for intruding upon you in this manner, but my business is urgent. I am Detective Moss, of Scotland Yard."

"Another detective!" exclaimed Miss Clutterbuck. "Why, have you come after Sunny Jack, too?"

"Yes," said the little man quickly, "that is just what I have come for. What do you mean by another detective?"

"Why," said Miss Clutterbuck, "Detective Roderic Clay, also of Scotland Yard, is at this moment in the house awaiting the arrival of that notorious swindler Sunny Jack, who we believe is about to pay us a visit this afternoon in the guise of our nephew Dick Clutterbuck."

For a minute the new detective seemed puzzled. "Roderic Clay," he repeated slowly, "I don't think——" Suddenly a light seemed to break upon him. "In this house, now," he cried excitedly. "Where is he?—quick!"

"In our bedroom upstairs," said Miss Clutterbuck. "Why, what is the matter?"

Without waiting to reply, Detective Moss dashed up the stairs and entered the bedroom overhead, followed by the sisters, who were greatly puzzled at his vehement behaviour.

They will never get over the shock caused to their nervous system by the sight that met their eyes as they entered the room. The place was in utter disorder, their wardrobe ransacked, and the less valuable contents of the drawers strewn about the room. Worst of all, it needed but a minute to assure the Miss Clutterbucks that their jewel-case was missing from its accustomed shelf in the cupboard.

"My pearl necklace!" gasped Miss Maria, "my amethyst bracelet! Where are they?"

Miss Eliza was scarcely less overwhelmed.

"But where is Detective Clay?" she asked. "He shall be answerable for this. The thief must have robbed us before his very eyes."

Detective Moss surveyed the desolate scene with a grim smile. "Detective Roderic Clay, alias Sunny Jack, has gone off with your property himself, madam," he answered. "He has evidently had a most successful afternoon's work."

"Do you mean to say," cried Miss Maria hysterically, "that Detective Clay was Sunny Jack himself?"

"Of course," said the little man quietly. "There can't be two opinions about it. I should like to know how he came to impose upon you so easily?"

While Miss Maria endeavoured to restore her shattered nerves with sal-volatile, her sister proceeded to give the real detective an account of what had occurred that afternoon, and ended up by

Without waiting to reply, Detective Moss dashed up the stairs . . . followed by the sisters.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

showing him the telegram signed Dick Clutterbuck.

"My word! but he is a clever scoundrel," he said. "Of course, Mr. Clay sent the telegram himself. He has just come from Australia, so I suppose he heard out there about your nephew coming home. It's marvellous how he gets to know about other people's affairs."

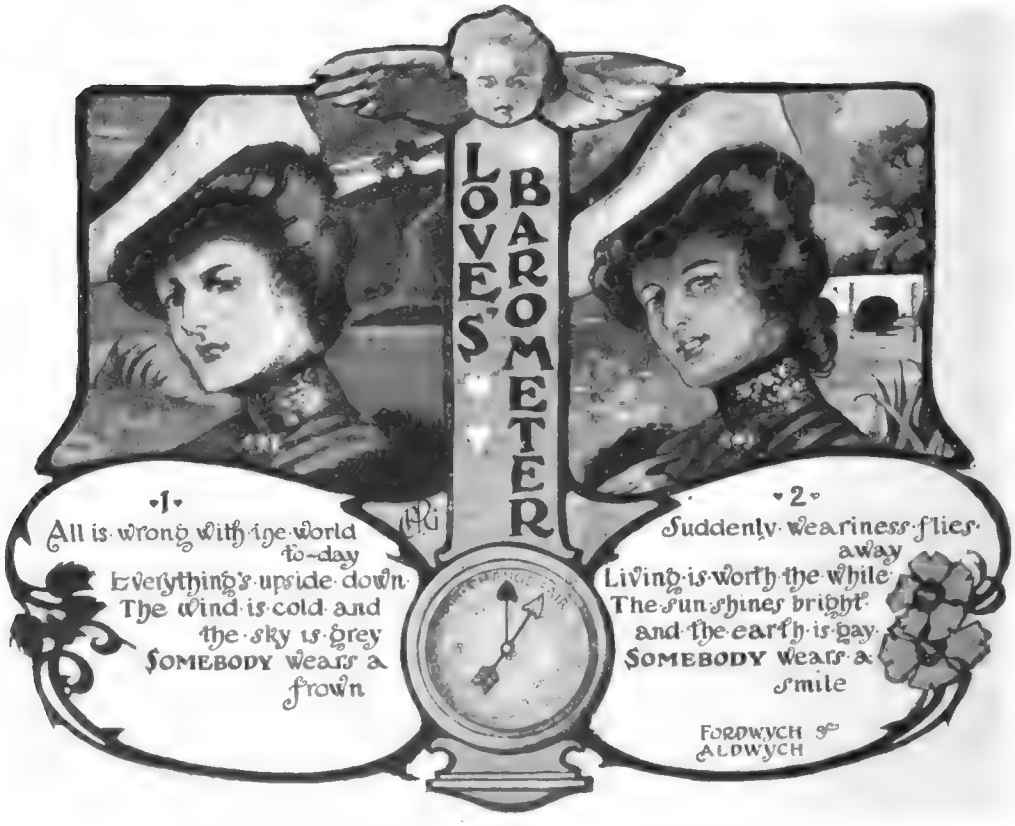
"Why did you not arrive sooner if you knew he was coming here?" asked Miss Clutterbuck angrily.

"Unfortunately, I did not know he was coming to this particular house. He was seen in the neighbourhood this morning, and, consequently, we have been round warning most of the householders. As luck would have it, I chanced to call here last of all, otherwise I might have been in time to save your property; as it is, I can only assure you how sorry I am that you should have been so effectually imposed upon."

"Do you think there is any chance of recovering our jewels?" asked Miss Maria eagerly.

"Of course, we shall do our best," replied the detective; "but you must not count too much on it. Sunny Jack is a difficult man to get hold of. I must be off now to the police-station, and give information about what has happened. I need hardly say, should any of the property be recovered we shall instantly communicate with you."

And Detective Moss departed, leaving the Miss Clutterbucks to the melancholy task of restoring their disordered bedroom to its customary neat appearance. As things turned out, they never did recover their jewels, and Miss Maria to this day constantly deplores the loss of her valuable pearl necklace.


LOVE'S BAROMETER
1
All is wrong with the world to-day
Everything's upside down
The wind is cold and the sky is grey
SOMEBODY wears a frown
2
Suddenly weariness flies away
Living is worth the while
The sun shines bright and the earth is gay
SOMEBODY wears a smile
FORDWYCH & ALDWYCH

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Professional Guest

Sir Forrester Hervey, in his Rôle of Paid Guest, is Led by Chance to Try his Hand at Conjuring.

By Allen Upward.

V.—THE VANISHING MAN.

It was part of my understanding with the Social Agency that, when disengaged, I was always to be ready to start off at a minute's notice to any client's house where a dance was being given, the Agency being liable to receive sudden demands for dancing men from hostesses who had discovered at the eleventh hour that they were short of this essential article.

Accordingly, I took it as all in the course of business when I received a wire at my lodgings one morning, as nearly as I can recollect, in these terms:

"*Can you go Bloberry 2.20 train substitute for injured man—five guineas—reply paid.*"

The usual fee for these engagements being only two guineas, I naturally accepted with alacrity, crammed my dress suit into a bag, and hurried off to Liverpool Street.

It was not till I had taken my ticket, and realised what a short journey lay in front of me, that it occurred to me to wonder why I had been told to proceed by a train which would land me at Bloberry Junction before four o'clock in the afternoon.

I had not preserved the telegram, but as I sat in the train I recalled its wording, and wondered still more. The very liberal fee was in itself suspicious, and then there was the singular piece of information that I was required as a substitute for some injured man.

It was not like the Agency to waste its words, and yet surely it was not a matter that concerned me what cause had led to the sudden call for my services. And was it not a little curious that the loss of one man should have made a gap that required filling?

A misgiving seized me that the engagement must be for a shooting party, instead of a ball, and that the Agency had forgotten to notify me. And I had come without a gun or any clothes suitable for the occasion.

When I got out at the small Essex station I found myself alone on the platform. Giving up my ticket to a dozing station-master, who seemed reluctant to deprive me of it, I walked out into the road, carrying my bag in my hand, and saw a rough-looking groom or stableman seated in a rather shabby dogcart—the sort of vehicle that would be assigned in a large establishment for the use of the upper servants.

"Mr. Ferdinand?" the driver called out to me, in a tone hovering between respect and patronage.

I opened my mouth to announce my real name, when suddenly the language of the telegram recurred to me. Mr. Ferdinand evidently must be the injured man whose substitute I was.

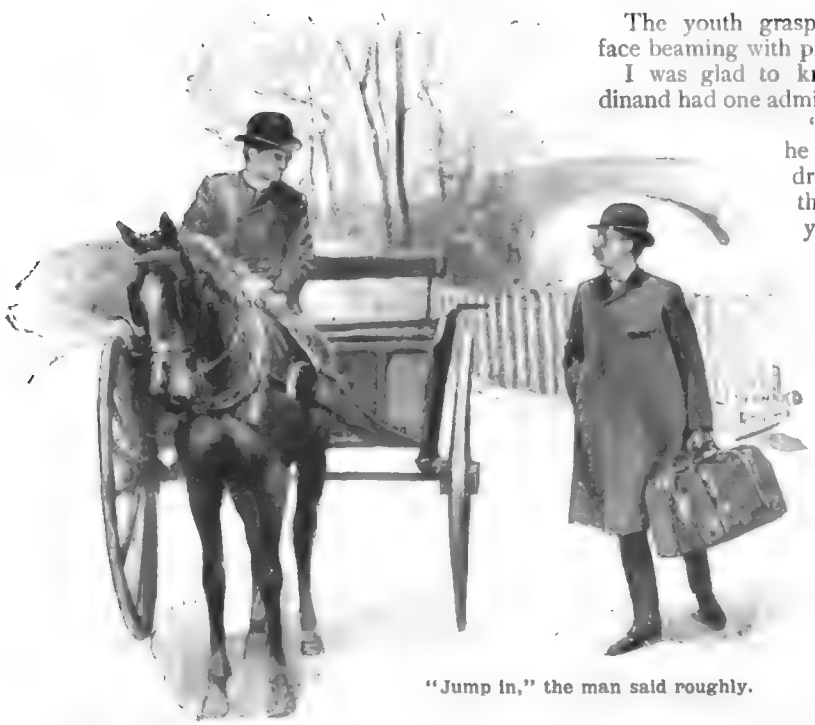
"Yes," I forced myself to answer, feeling inwardly a good deal put out at having to assume an unknown personality.

"Jump in," the man said roughly, making no motion to relieve me of my luggage.

I thrust the bag in behind, and mounted beside the driver, making up my mind that I

Copyright, 1904, by C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



"Jump in," the man said roughly.

was coming to very queer people, or else that Mr. Ferdinand was a very queer man.

The stableman drove me in contemptuous silence for a mile; then we turned in under a fine avenue of trees leading up to a stately Elizabethan hall.

Here, to my astonishment and indignation, my companion coolly drove round to the back entrance, and pulled up. There was no one about.

"Ring that bell," he said curtly, indicating a long iron bell-pull which hung beside the door.

I got down, half angry and half bewildered, lifted out my bag, and gave a severe tug at the bell.

A tremendous peal rang out, and produced a small page who was carelessly buttoning on his jacket. At the sight of me he gave a joyful start.

"Mr. Ferdinand!" he exclaimed with friendly enthusiasm.

I nodded.

"Are those all your things?" the page inquired, staring hard at my bag, as I stepped over the threshold.

It was evident that Mr. Ferdinand was accustomed to travel with more luggage than I had provided myself with.

"Yes. Here," I said, holding out my unfortunate bag.

The youth grasped it eagerly, his face beaming with proud satisfaction.

I was glad to know that Mr. Ferdinand had one admirer in the mansion.

"Come this way," he said. "The children are all here, and they're waiting for you."

I was startled. Was it a children's party I had been summoned to? And, if so, for what purpose? I was aware that the Agency, among its other activities, undertook to provide entertainers for social gatherings. But I had never entertained anybody in my life.

The page conducted me through various passages and doorways into a small room fitted up like a study. Behind a closed door came the sound of childish voices and the trampling of feet. It *was* a children's party!

My conductor opened this door, and announced:

"Mr. Ferdinand has come, my lady."

There was a shout of applause, which sent my heart down into my boots. The next moment a woman of fine presence, evidently the mistress of the house, came into the study..

"I am so glad you have got here safely, Mr. Ferdinand," she said graciously, "The children were getting quite impatient. How soon shall you be ready to begin?"

I stood shivering, literally afraid to speak. Before I could stammer out anything, the hostess caught sight of my scanty luggage, and added in a tone of surprise:

"Is that all you have brought? But perhaps you are going to use Monsieur Vidocq's things?"

I hastened to say that I had relied on being able to use Monsieur Vidocq's things, while I mentally asked myself who on earth Monsieur Vidocq was, and what his things consisted of. Apparently he was another mystery, like Mr. Ferdinand.

"In that case," the lady of the house went

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

on, "I expect you would like to see Monsieur Vidocq first?"

I answered decidedly that I should like to see Monsieur Vidocq first. Here at least was a chance of gaining some information that would assist me in personating the injured Ferdinand.

Bubbling over with excitement the small page-boy led me through the house and up several flights of stairs till we came to a door in what appeared to be a servants' corridor. He tapped, and a voice bade us enter.

I found myself in a plainly-furnished bedroom. A man got up to look like a foreigner was lying in the bed, looking rather forlorn and depressed.

"Is that you, Ferdinand?" he called out as I entered.

"Yes," I replied glibly, by this time hardened to the falsehood.

At the sound of my voice the sufferer started half up in bed and stared at me.

"Why, what on earth—" he was beginning, when I interrupted him with an expressive gesture.

"Hush!" I said, and turning to the page, I ordered him out of the room, and closed and locked the door.

The invalid watched these proceedings with undisguised apprehension, and shrank away as I approached him once more.

"Now," I said, seating myself on a convenient chair, "perhaps you will be good enough to tell me who Mr. Ferdinand *is*."

Monsieur Vidocq gazed at me with increasing alarm.

"Who are you?" was his natural response.

"Never mind that," I retorted sternly. "That is my business. I have come here at a moment's notice as a substitute for Mr. Ferdinand, who has been injured, and I want to know who he is, and all about him."

Monsieur Vidocq fairly gasped.

"Ferdinand injured, too!" he ejaculated. "Well, I'm blowed, but that's rum! Look here, are you telling the truth?"

A light, a very faint light, began to dawn on my comprehension.

"I got a telegram," I murmured; "it was to ask me to come down here as a substitute for an injured man."

"Why, bless my soul," the man in the bed

"Hush!" I said, ... and closed and locked the door.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

cried out, "that's me! I sprained my ankle this morning, trying to skate on the moat."

I began to fit the pieces of the puzzle together.

"Then what are you, and what is Ferdinand?" I asked.

"I'm a conjuror," was the startling explanation; "and Ferdinand's a friend of mine. We take each other's engagements when the dates clash, or anything like this happens. How on earth they came to send you I don't know."

I knew still less at the time, though the explanation was a very simple one. The secretary of the Agency had confused the addresses of two telegrams. I had received the one intended for Mr. Ferdinand, and that gentleman had been dispatched to the seat of the Marchioness of Mortain, one of the smartest hostesses in Great Britain, to dance with the royal and noble personages assembled to celebrate her daughter's coming out.

I sat stricken with dismay as I realised my own situation.

"This is awful! I never did a conjuring trick in my life," I confessed, "and I know nothing whatever about it."

Monsieur Vidocq's expression became one of commiseration.

"Well, here's a mess!" he remarked truthfully. "You must get through it as best you can. I'll help you all I know. You can use my things"—I understood the luggage mystery now—"and I'll just give you a few points."

The professional's apparatus was in the room, and he hastily explained some of the simpler tricks, while I listened in fear and trembling for a summons to come down and begin.

The performances which depended on mechanical contrivances I soon thought I had mastered, but those which involved sleight of hand I decided not to attempt.

There was a trick with a bowl of gold-fish which struck me as easy and attractive, and another that seemed likely to be effective, was one which consisted in loading a pistol with a tinfoil bullet, and firing it at a plate. The plate had to be held by a confederate, who would drop a real bullet into it from his sleeve as soon as the shot was fired.

"Sam—that's the boy who brought you up here—will do that for you," the conjuror explained. "He did it for me last night when I gave a show for the grown-ups, and did it uncommonly well, too."

"And what's that?" I inquired, pointing to a canvas frame which leant against the wall of the room.

Monsieur Vidocq shook his head.

"That's for the vanishing man trick. I can't tell you that. It's a professional secret—cost me a twenty-pound note to learn it myself."

"Won't they expect it?" I objected. "You did it last night, I suppose?"

"Can't help that, I daren't give it away to anyone not on the lay."

Before I could urge him further, Sam returned with an urgent request for my presence downstairs. We went down together, laden with appliances, and he led the way straight into the hall, where the expectant audience was gathered.

Thunderous clapping greeted my entrance, followed by loud laughter, and cries of "Look at his clothes!"

For professional purposes I had been obliged to invest myself in Monsieur Vidocq's garments, and as he was both much shorter and much stouter than I, the result was rather ludicrous, I have no doubt.

The children were seated on chairs arranged in rows facing a daïs on which I had emerged.

Along the walls stood grown-up women, presumably parents, and one or two men, who seemed rather ashamed of themselves for being present, filled up the back. I was particularly struck by one child at the extreme end of the front row, a small girl of five, with a thatch of golden hair, prominent light-blue eyes, and a round, resolute chin.

"His clothes don't fit him, mother," this observer said aloud, in a tone of complaint.

"Hush, Mabel!" murmured a tall woman standing by her side.

Frowning severely to check the mirth of of the audience, I stepped to the front of the daïs and repeated some phrases with which I had been primed by Monsieur Vidocq. There was a murmur of mild approval, followed by a distinctly-uttered comment from Mabel:

"But he isn't funny, mother."

I turned wrathfully to the little round table which formed my chief property, and began exhibiting some simple tricks, such as making an egg disappear and reappear.

I was rewarded by a faint round of applause, instantly checked by the disconcerting voice from the corner:

"I know how he does that. I've seen father do it."

My next attempt was less fortunate. I had undertaken to pass a coin, in full view of the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

audience, from my outstretched hand to my waistcoat pocket.

Unluckily, I let it drop on the floor of the daïs, which was of stone, and it rattled loudly for about five minutes before settling down.

Under the circumstances, I was not surprised that the production of a similar coin from my pocket failed to carry conviction.

To my relief, the audience chose to treat this as a joke, and roared with laughter, while I heard Mabel exclaim with satisfaction:

"Isn't he silly, mother?"

After one or two other breakdowns, I bethought myself of a trick in which the clumsiest can scarcely fail. Concealing a penny in my hand, I summoned a small boy on to the platform and pretended to extract it from his ear; after which I generously presented him with it.

This performance was loudly encored, and I felt that Mabel was voicing the general sentiment when she exclaimed reproachfully:

"Oh, why didn't you let me go up, mother?"

I now felt encouraged to attempt the trick with the gold-fish, the business being to produce the glass bowl with the fish swimming about in it, from my tail pocket.

Unfortunately, the bowl slipped from my hand at the last moment, and shivered to atoms on the floor, leaving me half drenched with water, while the astonished gold-fish flapped their way vigorously across the daïs.

The younger portion of the audience laughed more heartily than ever, but I saw that their elders were becoming suspicious.

Rather unwisely, I passed on immediately to the familiar watch trick. When I asked if any lady or gentleman would lend me a gold watch, there was an ominous silence, and I felt myself turning red.

It only needed the shrill voice of Mabel to complete my discomfiture.

"They're afraid he'll break it, aren't they, mother?"

One of the gentlemen at the back of the hall asked with significance if a Waterbury would do.

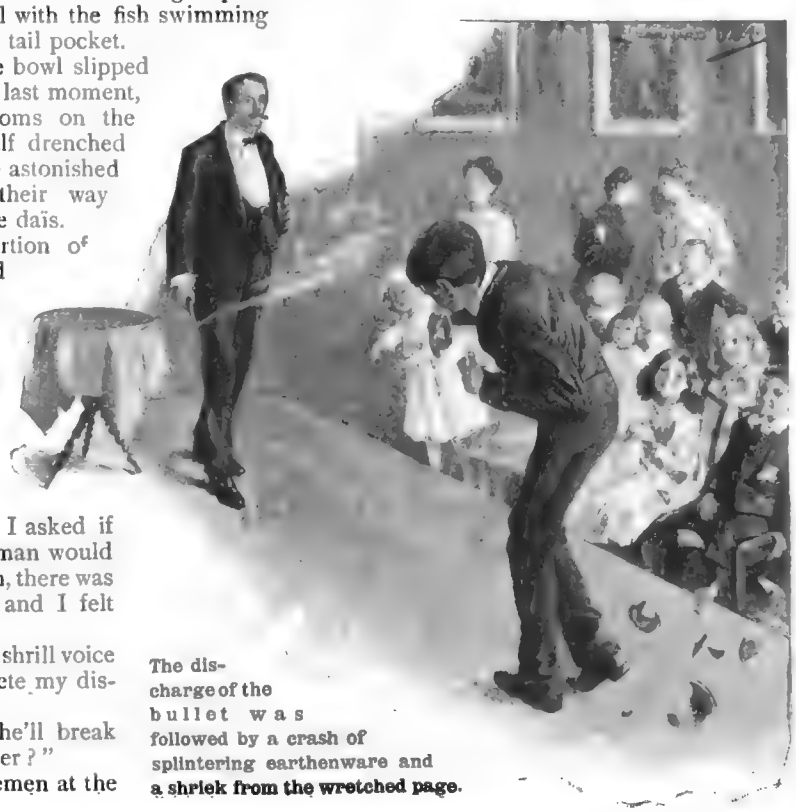
I assented eagerly, whereupon the boys present, more trustful than their elders, rose *en masse*, and besieged the daïs. I picked out the one who, I thought, seemed to have the most forgiving disposition, and borrowed his watch, to the intense disappointment of the rest.

By this time I was so flustered that Monsieur Vidocq's instructions had altogether left my mind. I cast the watch into a mortar, and pounded it to fragments with savage energy, after which I handed the remains to my young assistant with instructions to bestow them in the dustbin.

"While we are waiting for the reappearance of the watch," I said callously and originally, "I will go on with the next trick."

This was the famous shooting at the plate, on which I had relied all along as my surest success. But now, between confusion and recklessness, I so far muddled things as to load the pistol with a real bullet instead of the paper imitation.

The discharge of the bullet was followed by a crash of splintering earthenware and a



The discharge of the bullet was followed by a crash of splintering earthenware and a shriek from the wretched page.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

shriek from the wretched page, who held out a bleeding finger tip. But the applause was perfectly deafening, and over all I heard the strident accents of Mabel:

"I like that, mother. Make him do it again."

I foresaw, however, that I should not be allowed to do it again. The men at the back pressed forward, with mischief in their eyes, and I knew that I was near the end of my tether.

Upstairs in Vidocq's room an idea had germinated in my mind, and by this time it was full-grown.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said, speaking hurriedly, so as to give no time to the men to make themselves unpleasant, "I shall now show you a trick of a quieter, but deeply interesting kind—the Vanishing Man."

There was a shout of approval, and my enemies paused.

"Last night, I understand, my comrade, Monsieur Vidocq, exhibited the common form of the trick, that one in which the performer shuts himself up in a cabinet on the stage, and after a few minutes walks into the hall from outside. My trick, which I have invented myself, reverses the process."

I took the cloth off the little table, and spread it carefully on the middle of the daïs amid breathless silence.

"I shall walk out of this hall in the sight of every person present, and at the end of a a few minutes you will see this cloth gradually lifted up, and I shall reappear from under it."

Enthusiastic cheers greeted this statement.

"In order that there may be no deception, I shall ask one of the youngest present to take his or her stand on the cloth till it begins to lift up."

I had carefully matured my scheme of revenge. I walked over towards Mabel, and looked at her with simulated affection.

"Will this charming little lady oblige?"

Mabel sprang from her chair before her mother could interfere. I stationed her carefully in the exact centre of the cloth.

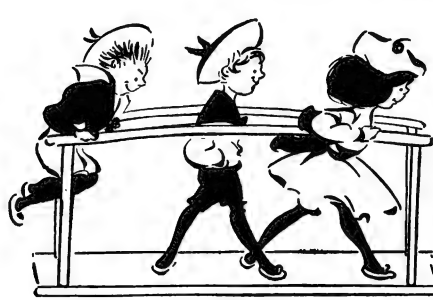
"Now, remember, my dear, that if you move an inch you will spoil the trick."

I left her frozen into the likeness of a statue, and glided quietly out of the hall.

My bag still lay where I had left it in the little study, and before sixty seconds had ticked, I was out in the avenue doing a good eight miles an hour to the station.

How long Mabel remained at her post I have never learned, but, if I am any judge of character, she must have been dislodged with considerable difficulty.

Monsieur Vidocq's dress suit, containing a larger allowance of pockets than I usually have occasion for and being fitted with a number of black elastic cords for which I have no occasion at all, I took an early opportunity of returning to him. I was extremely sorry to hear that Mr. Ferdinand's reputation, as a gentleman of strictly temperate habits, had been unfavourably reflected on as a result of my appearance under his name, but I am glad to add that he proved willing to accept the £5 in full satisfaction.



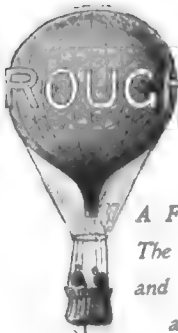
OUR TRIP TO FRANCE.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HILDA COWHAM.

This charming story for children, written in Miss Cowham's most humorous and sympathetic style, and profusely illustrated by her quaint pen-and-ink sketches, will appear in the October number of THE LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE. Really simple children's stories are to be found each month in this periodical, and are greatly appreciated by the little people.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE WORLD THROUGH OTHER EYES



No. VIII.

FROM THE AERONAUT'S POINT OF VIEW.

A Further Article in this Remarkable Series. The Writer Views the World from a Balloon, and Describes the Sensations, Excitements, and Perils of Sailing Through the Air.

By Vivian Carter.

Two hours before the time fixed for the ascent, the balloon is only half itself. It is sitting on the grass, like a huge mushroom, surrounded by high trees, peeping over which is the North Tower of the Crystal Palace. Trailing from its base is a long red coil, the pipe through which gas is being pumped into the balloon from an unseen source.

We prospective aeronauts are already on the scene, and our topic of discussion is—the weather. Yes, that subject is not to us a hackneyed conversational makeshift; it is vital with interest. Upon its caprices depend the success of the trip and the safety of ourselves. Is it really going to be a fine day? In which direction is the wind? Do those white clouds overhead mean rain, and will the shower break before we have pierced through them? On these and other little points we wait in suspense.

As the gas slowly trickles in, the balloon begins to heave and swell, and to struggle like some monstrous mammal. I retire from the ground for a hurried lunch, and return to find that the creature is at last fully inflated. It towers above our heads, held to earth by a fencing of ropes attached to sand-bags.

How absurdly small the basket appears in comparison with the mighty Thing under which it trails! How vast and powerful the balloon looks, playfully tugging at its wicker charge, as in a desire to elope skywards without passengers! There is a general air of efficiency about it which reassures me. I feel that it is no amateur at sky-scouring, and occasional patches on its surface remind me that it has been tried, and is trusty and well-beloved by its owners.

A crowd has begun to assemble, but it is watchful, and almost silent. It has no special exclamation or jest to throw at us, but merely looks at us in open-mouthed curiosity. I am summoned to prepare, and I hover round the basket in awkward ignorance of the correct behaviour on such an occasion. The aeronauts have directions to leave behind on earth. One requires his motor-car to be ready at about seven o'clock to proceed to rescue him from any place of descent at which a telegram may be sent. It will, judging by the direction of the wind, be somewhere east of London. Another member of the party orders his dinner at half-past seven. The confidence of these aeronauts! To think of evening dinner in the immediate prospect of a cruise in the clouds!

Now I must get into the basket, and stow myself into a corner. I vault in, not without a slightly nervous feeling, and my companions soon join me. How compressed is our space! As our elbows jostle each other, I have anticipations of some discomfort aloft. Have I everything I want—my note-book, my overcoat—it is sometimes cold in cloudland—my brandy flask? Yes. Then we are ready.

We are asked to pose for a snapshot; I shake hands with a friend or two; an assistant jumps off the rigging on which he has been undoing the neck of the balloon, and lightly skips to the ground. All eyes are concentrated on us, and the buzz of conversation ceases for a hushed second.

The group of bystanders who have been holding us down to earth, their fingers touching, as at a table-turning *séance*, are bidden to let go.

One breath, and we are off!

How can I describe the uncanny sensation of our start—uncanny because of the sensation that is not? I had expected to experience the same feeling as in the ascent by an express elevator to the twenty-eighth storey of a sky-scraper, followed by a dizziness, and perhaps a maniacal desire to fling myself

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

down. Instead of this, I have to record an absence of sensation. Before I have had time to gather together my thoughts, a certain crowd of people, certain tree-tops, houses, fields, and chimneys have suddenly dropped beneath me, leaving me utterly oblivious of any motion whatever. The earth, with all its paraphernalia, has gracefully and respectfully withdrawn itself, like an admirable domestic servant, and beneath me crouches the city in which for years I have been content to burrow out an existence.

You who have witnessed an ascent may picture us as undergoing the sensation of shooting up into the clouds, of experiencing such dizziness as you have known on ascending to a high tower or mountain top. We, from a balloon, think conversely of you on the earth. We are utterly, bewilderingly still conscious only of our four selves, and we think of you as suffering the sensation of rapidly descending. We feel an utter unconcern with you, and all your little affairs. You are so many black specks, robbed of individuality.

As the earth descends from our view, we grow more and more indifferent to it. It is but a panorama now, and a balloon trip, unmarked as it is by motion, must be largely an impression of a changing picture. To the credit of the earth, be it said, that it works the panorama very pleasantly for the aeronautic eye, and one is quite unconscious of any creaking of the machinery by which the scenes are shifted.

Reaching a height of about 800ft., we are shown the only really reliable picture of London—London as she would see herself if placed in front of a mirror. And from our calm, critical standpoint we must congratulate the manager of the panorama, as your city, if not entirely beautiful, is always interesting.

At first glance, the city suggests to me a vast stew set in a silver pan. It is white, grey, and brown conglomeration, contained within a peerless enclosure or bank of clouds. My eyes busy themselves in the task of "placing" the various architectural features. I am first conscious of Mother St. Paul's brooding over her flock of satellites, the other city churches, in proud supremacy. Then the Thames reveals itself to me. It coils its way across the city like a python, its fangs, as it were, glinting in the sunlight at distant Richmond, its body increasing and swelling until it reaches its waist measurement at Blackwall, whence it trails away to the, at present, invisible sea.

Just as, in a mirror, a face is as conscious of its wrinkles and warts as of its beauties, so do London's architectural triumphs share equally with her disfigurements. If Westminster Abbey, the Law Courts, the Tower of London, and the rest of the show places assert themselves, so, too, do gasworks, factory chimneys, drab workhouses, and other reminders of the dreary side of life.

From aloft London partly clears her reputation for grime and squalor, in a revelation of unexpected beauties. Roads, for instance, which have an unpleasant sound—Whitechapel, Mile End, or the Old Kent Roads, now lose any such character, for I am only conscious of their beauty of line as they stretch triumphant across the city, ploughing bold furrows in the brick and mortar wilderness. Suburban roads, too, execute neat patterns, and are beautifully and spotlessly white, as they wind away into the distance. In fact, I cease to think of suburbs in their ordinary aspect, as places to be reached by this tram or that 'bus, but now know them only by their shapes.

How much more green a place is your city than I have hitherto thought! How many more gardens, parks, and open spaces there are than one would ever have supposed! One is apt to disdain the patch of garden which occupies the background of a suburban house; but see a score of them from aloft side by side, and they form fine green oase, in the brick desert.

One more of London's beauties must be noticed. From dozens of quarters I am conscious of blazing patches of light shining out like diamonds on a dull garment. Every now and again the rays of the sun fall on some conspicuous dome, or glass building, or pond, and find there sympathetic reflection. The city is pleasantly punctuated with these dots and dashes of light.

The utter stillness which we enjoy dispels all sense of danger. On the contrary, our concern is all for the dangers and uncertainties of a life on earth. We look wonderingly at the countless railway trains in motion, how they come out from unsuspected tunnels, crawling on the ground like worms.

Again, how full of peril seems a walk in the streets! Motor-cars, from the clouds, seem more than ever a source of danger as from up here we can know what you cannot—that there are many more coming round corners, bearing down on your unsuspecting self, than you can imagine. There are, too, really an enormous number of bicycles

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

This is the view the aeronaut obtains when looking upward from the basket of the balloon. Above he can see the lower part and "neck" of the great silk gas bag—which is always open, as otherwise the expanding gas would cause an explosion—and the multitude of ropes to which the basket is attached.

amongst you, and their riders are very reckless. The streets are fearfully congested with traffic. Your atmosphere, too, with its smoke, dust, and grime, is one which no aeronaut could tolerate for one moment. How on earth can you breathe such impurities?

We are, perhaps, right above the Thames, and look down on the shipping. A steamer hoots vociferously. We speculate on whether this is a salute to ourselves. We look down on, perhaps, a P. and O. liner, but it is but a flat raft to us. A brick-field resembles a table laid for tea; this clump represents, perhaps, a piece of cake, and that long pile a tin loaf.

The earth is, of course, not merely ornamental to the balloonist. It is at times useful as a guide. We really could not quite do without it, as it is about our only method of gauging the direction in which we are travelling, and also our approximate speed. We know, therefore, by the rapidity with which a church spire or some easily recognised

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

object speeds past us about how rapidly we are travelling. Again, the earth is useful as a confirmation of our height. We have, of course, a measuring instrument called an aneroid, marked off to register height in thousands of feet, but, personally, I prefer the evidence of earth. I look out of our basket and carefully watch the swayings about of your planet. I have also the evidence of my ears. It is by the distinctness or otherwise of the sounds of the city that I know the fluctuations of our course. If those sounds, such as the ringing of bicycle bells, the patter of the traffic, the hoot of steamers, the cries of children at play, are very distinct, then, of course, we are nearer earth than we wish to be. If they fade away into vagueness, then we are ascending.

Then an incident reminds me that peril is not so entirely absent as my feelings have led me to believe. Once, I am looking dreamil y down, I have a vague sense that the earth is growing more distinct than it was a few seconds ago. I am suddenly growing more conscious of individual houses and objects, and the street murmurs are increasing to a roar. We are descending—more, we are falling. Look at that church steeple. See how it is charging at us, like a lance. Heavens! are we in presence of disaster?

For a few seconds I experience feelings of dread, as earth comes nearer to us. Then we are saved; but none too soon. One of my companions pushes me out of the way, grabs a bag of ballast, and quick as thought has emptied it out. As I watch the sand streaming down through space, I am also conscious that danger is averted. The church spire of my fears is retreating. Once again the earth is descending, and this time we bound up to a greater height than before.

We had fallen into what is popularly called a "hole in the air"—a term, by the way, which aeronauts ridicule. We had suddenly got out of one current, and must have fallen until rescued by another. How often has this proved a danger to the balloonist! Once a balloon had only just ascended from the Crystal Palace and cleared the tree tops, when, without any warning, it fell to earth like a stone. Fortunately for the occupants, they fell on to the top of a row of elms, and sustained only a shaking.

Not only does the earth seem to be speeding past us, or bounding up towards us, or dropping away beneath us at fancy, but it indulges in the additional prank of twirling itself round us. Remember I am speaking of myself as I felt, not on a plan of verity, for I am still unconscious of all motion. It is odd, therefore, to find myself at one moment gazing full tilt at the Crystal Palace, and a few seconds later to find that without any motion on my part; that same glance is being fixed on St. Paul's Cathedral. You would say that our balloon is itself twisting round and round, but to us it is the earth executing a merry-go-round.

Then, the odd sensation of piercing through the belt of clouds. For a few seconds we are enveloped in a mist, and can scarcely see each other. Then indeed do I experience a sense of utter loneliness, and grip the edge of the basket to reassure myself that there is something material to which I can cling.

Passed through the cloud belt, we see nothing above us but the "blue vault of heaven." The clouds now lie beneath us like a silver carpet, having conspired together, as it were, to cut off our view of earth, and ring down the curtain on our panorama. Now and again some wayward cloudlet will get loose from the main body, and reveal to us the exquisite picture of a bit of landscape peeping through the silver texture. The slit closes up, and we are now in silent space.

I for the first time survey our balloon herself. Looking above me, I notice the open "neck" of the balloon, and that one can peer right through it to the top. Why is it open? Of course, to relieve the expansion of the gas which always takes place in rarefied air. Were it kept closed, an awful calamity would happen, and has before now happened. The gas will go on expanding until a report like a bomb announces the hideous fact that the balloon has burst. The car falls furiously towards earth—dropping, dropping, to destruction. Then, perhaps, a miracle happens. Only the lower portion of the balloon has been injured by the explosion, and the upper part, kept intact, forms a perfect parachute, causing the car to sail gracefully to earth as though nothing terrible had occurred!

Thus, by an amazing decree of Nature, are the dangers of ballooning often counteracted by miraculous deliverances. Twice have aeronauts been saved by this wondrous means. On the earth are many appliances to save the falling balloonist. The sea, rivers, ponds may save him from a hideous death by concussion. A spire, or telegraph pole, or tree—horrid obstacles to a well-regulated descent—may become pillars of salvation to the aeronaut who is unwillingly dropping through space, for they may break his fall, and leave him, not a crushed mass, but merely dangling harmlessly.

Digitized by Google — Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Looking downward from the car, the aeronaut sees the earth gliding past like a huge panorama. House-tops appear as little red-tiled boxes, and ploughed fields and woods like patches of green and brown. From below the whistling of trains, the ringing of bicycle bells, and innumerable other sounds rise up to him.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Above the clouds. Five hundred feet below the car a huge, vapoury mass meets the aeronaut's gaze. Through a rift the earth peeps, looking from this elevation not unlike a great, gay-coloured map.

As we sail peacefully through air, I am reminded that such danger as there may be lurks below us in that mysterious stew beneath. What unholy forces are conspiring down under those clouds? How often has it happened that a balloonist, making what he thinks a smooth descent, is suddenly caught up by a sudden gust of wind near earth! Instead of lighting gently on some green open space, he is furiously caught up and hurled through the air like a cricket ball. He speeds over villages, plains, hill-tops, woods. Suddenly, his direction is changed, and off he goes over some town. Yet another treacherous blast, and this time he is driven terror-stricken over the sea. Weird white breakers roar beneath him, and, to his horror, he realises that his supply of gas cannot hold out until he has been swept over to the other side. There is a hideous prospect of certain death, relieved only by the hope that some ship may be passing in time to rescue!

Then, wonder of wonders, the wind once again swerves round, and perhaps this time it gently wafts him back again to land, when, with but little trouble, he may drop quietly to earth. And the irony of it all is that, having undergone all the known emotions of terror, he may find himself mobbed by some angry crowd of peasants because, in his descent, he has destroyed a wheat crop or hop garden. He may have faced and escaped death from half-a-dozen different causes, only to suffer, in the end, a black eye or broken nose from some infuriated peasant, and the price of his safety may be £100 for destruction of property.

The clouds have cleared away and we can once more see our bearings. At last we are away from the brick wilderness, and look down on green fields and trees. Here, again, roads and hedges present to us the strangest shapes and patterns, making the earth resemble a patchwork quilt. At last the shape of England is growing obvious. Now I realise that she is, after all, but a small island, for the coast-line of the Channel and the German Ocean are just visible.

It is not, then, air navigation that is dangerous, but the return to earth. Up here in this peaceful region we have little to fear. Above us is a safety zone of limitless extent, where our only danger would be that we

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

might, like Messrs. Coxwell and Glashier, at a height of 37,000 feet, suddenly lose control of the muscles of our arms, and find that our only means of descent would be to seize the valve-rope, to let out the gas, with our teeth.

Ballooning at great heights, I am relieved to learn from the member of the Aero Club who accompanies us, is not a great ideal of real aeronauts. After all, the deliciousness of the pastime is in floating within range of vision of earth, of enjoying the scenic effects from aloft, not of placing oneself in foolish peril.

To make a good, clear ascent, to steer an even, well-regulated course above the earth, and to descend in a well-chosen spot, free from obstacles, these are the features of a "successful" trip. But perhaps the best test of successful navigation is in making a good descent. Where, I speculated, should we alight? The thought of returning to earth now provided me with the needed thrill. Would it be on to house-tops, from which we might be bandied about like a tennis-ball, or should we come down into a thick wood?

Another possibility was that we should alight in an unknown part of the country. Such things have been known. To come down in a fog, and find oneself stranded on an unfamiliar marsh or common, oblivious of the direction in which to turn, has been more than once the experience of my companions.

Two balloons with two parties of aeronauts had started from the Crystal Palace at the same time. Owing to their being caught in different currents soon after ascent, it was not very long before they were twenty miles distant from each other, and, of course, quite out of sight. The one was cruising over the Middlesex bank of the Thames, while the other was far down on the Surrey hills. A dense fog came on some hours afterwards, and the party in Surrey, having lost their bearings, descended. They found themselves in an utterly unfamiliar country of swamp, and enveloped in a thick mist. They wandered aimlessly about for a long time, but found no guide whatever. At last voices and footsteps were heard, and the stranded aeronauts, expecting them to be those of natives, called out "Where are we?" "Hanged if we know!" came the answering voice. "We've just come down from a balloon." It turned out to be the other party, who, strangely enough, had caught the identical current which their friends had been travelling in, and had finally been carried to the self-same landing place—Aldershot Plain.

The time has come for our own descent, and a fearsome process it promises to be. Beneath is a thick cloud, and we must pierce through it. The valve rope is pulled, and our descent begins. In a few seconds, we have left a realm of blue and plunged into an aerial abyss. For some moments we are in semi-darkness, then we reach the lowest depth of the cloud. What is that strange splashing sound that strikes our ears, seeming to come from all directions, and growing louder and louder? I soon learn. It is raining, and the sound is the pitter-pat on the buildings and trees of some town. Another reminder of rain comes to me in the shape of a torrent of greasy water which streams on my face and down my neck—the rain-drops let in through the opened valve of the balloon, mingled with the escaping gas.

We are descending on to a town! Rather should I say we are furiously racing over a town, for what is visible to us is a tearing procession of houses, steeples, chimneys, trees. We are caught in a lower current, and being swept along horizontally. Our trail rope is dangling now in some street, now it wriggles up some wall, or dances on some chimney-pot. A crash here announces that we have broken a window—something to be paid for later on! There is a wilder uncertainty about this mad career of ours over a town than about any other aspect of our trip, for once again, my balance of things is restored—even my sense of the danger of our position.

The elements are kind to us, we succeed in getting outside the town, and over an open field. Fortunately for us, a crowd of natives rush out of their dwellings in a working part of the town, and by their aid, we are able to alight gently on earth. On seeing them swarm out like locust beneath us, our captain cried:

"Take the rope," and on seeing it gripped by half-a-dozen hands, I realise that we are safe. We are drawn gently down, and descend on *terra firma* with the lightness of a dancer's toe, sustaining not the slightest shaking.

But the worst, perhaps, is to come. Those people who have obliged us will claim the sacred right of onlookers to obstruct. They tear and fight to get near the descended balloon. Only with the greatest difficulty are we allowed to deflate her, and great is the danger that, in that gaseous atmosphere, some foolish person will strike a match and cause a fearful explosion. It is, perhaps, necessary to defend oneself from the curiosity of idle hands fingering one's watchchain, and from criminal eyes seeking what there is left in the basket.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

A SHADOW OF THE WAR

A Japanese Love Story.

* *

Illustrated with photographs by Underwood & Underwood.

* *

By S. Bridge-Worth.

And then he asked a wayfarer if he could tell him where to find the honourable Captain Tani.

There were rejoicings in the village—as became so great an occasion as the marriage of Captain Tani to O-Toyo, only daughter of the richest man in all the country-side.

The peasants had come in early from the fields, and now lounged in the street, talking over the great event—their tanned faces, almost black in the shadow of their great straw hats, proving that it was a day of joy as clearly as the fluttering flags over the house of O-Toyo's father.

"We shall miss our little O-Toyo," said one old man, voicing the feelings of a group of village worthies, seated at ease in the shade by the roadside.

"Tani is the luckiest man within a hundred miles," cried out a young peasant, passing up the street.

The village was proud indeed of the bride and the bridegroom. O-Toyo had never looked so beautiful as on her wedding-day—it was an honour to do her homage; and as to Tani, he was an infinite credit to his birthplace.

Everyone liked Tani—clever, good-looking, generous with the money his ancestors had bequeathed him, he was the friend of all men. The villagers remembered him as a boy who had left them to see the world; and now, when all his own people were dead, he had returned, a well-educated man, a captain in the Emperor's army, to take to wife the bride to whom he had been affianced almost in babyhood.

While the village rejoiced and gossiped and praised O-Toyo and their gallant Captain, O-Toyo and Tani took each other for man and wife, with the simple ceremony ordained, in the house of O-Toyo's father.

And the ceremony was barely ended, when of a sudden, a man came running as though for his life into the village street, crying out that he brought news of great importance. And then he asked a wayfarer if he could tell him where to find the honourable Captain Tani.

"Captain Tani wants no news on his wedding-day from headquarters in Tokyo or anywhere else," laughed one of the crowd that gathered in a moment round the panting runner. "Who do you come from, fellow, and what's your news of great importance?"

"Nothing that will affect such a one as you," returned the runner, "but for one of Captain Tani's standing, I bring news to tear him from his bride. War may break out at any moment—there, you have it!—and Captain Tani's superior officer has sent me with this letter to recall him to his post."

* * * * *

Tani was gazing in rapturous silence into the eyes of O-Toyo, as though of gazing he would never tire. Not two minutes had they been alone

Copyright, 1904, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

together—not a word had passed their lips, before an interruption came. A servant called for Tani, whispered a mysterious warning, and led him away to see a messenger. "On His Majesty the Emperor's business," as O-Toyo, left lamenting, just managed to overhear.

In five minutes Tani returned. His face was stern-set and white.

"O-Toyo," he said, and again he took her hands in his, "you love me so truly that in everything you would trust me? You would believe nothing wrong of me, O-Toyo?"

"Unworthy as I am to be your wife," she answered—and she prostrated herself once again before her husband—"yet at least I can trust you always."

"Even if I were to leave you, O-Toyo?" said Tani, "now, at this very minute?" and then gently he broke the bad news to her.

O-Toyo gave a little cry when she heard all, and clutched at Tani's hands, clinging to him as though she would never leave him; and then suddenly she leant back, holding him at arm's length, and smiled bravely through her tears.

"Who am I, a slave, to question the comings and goings of my master? Go, and I await faithfully until you deign to return."

"The Emperor has called me," said Tani simply; and these were his last words when, a little later, the time for departure had come. O-Toyo thought often of the words in the days that followed.

Tani's journey to the headquarters of his regiment began with the passage of a lake, to a village on the far side, whence a track led over the hills to the railway, and the last O-Toyo saw of him was when he pushed off in the little ferry-boat, looking straight before him, to where his duty called.

A few days later came a letter from Tani, saying that the ship that was to carry his regiment to the war would pass, on a certain day, close by the sea cliffs near O-Toyo's home; and O-Toyo passed all the day gazing out to sea, until at last she descried the smoke from the funnels of a transport, outward bound, and imagined that in the fluttering of a white flag she could read a message from her true love.

* * * * *

Tani was writing a letter by the light of a candle, stuck to a bayonet's point. His writing-brush swiftly covered the white paper, which a soldier, returning with dispatches to Tokyo, had promised to pass on to O-Toyo's hands. At daybreak on the morrow he would lead his men out to fire the first shots of the war. All preparations for the attack were complete. His men slept in their uniforms, their arms by their sides. For an hour of the night, Captain Tani was free to think of love. This precious time was his own, and Death was welcome to come to-morrow.

No one, save Tani, ever read that letter—a love-letter, such as only a Japanese gentleman can write.

When he had finished the letter, he read it through again and again. While he had been writing, his face had been transformed from a soldier's to a lover's; but gradually the rhapsody died out—a hard look took its place. He sat thinking a long while, as still as a stone image—till the candle guttered.

Then, suddenly, as the light flickered, Captain Tani tore his letter to fragments, caught the dying flame, and watched the pieces of the letter burn to ash in his hand.

"Hereafter," he said aloud, as though taking an oath, "let O-Toyo be less than nothing to me."

Lighting another candle, he fell to on another letter.

"*To O-Toyo—It is the wish of your husband never to think of you again, and it is his command that you never think again of him. Henceforward, let O-Toyo cease to consider herself the wife of Captain Tani. This letter is to be taken as a decree of divorce.—TANI.*"

One thought was added later.

"*Captain Tani,*" it read, "*cannot serve his Emperor with all his soul when a wife's face is ever before his eyes. Now that he has no longer a wife, he goes with a light heart to seek death on the battlefield.—TANI.*"

Folding and sealing the paper, Captain Tani rose up to give it with his own hands to the messenger, who was about to set off with dispatches.

When he came back to his sleeping-place O-Toyo's face no longer haunted him. With an effort of will he had banished, for that night at least, the image of her eyes. He had fulfilled the old feudal idea of preparing for battle; he had forgotten the three things that no soldier should ever think upon—his home, his wife, and his own body.

But as he rolled himself over to sleep the words of a little geisha song kept ringing in his head.

"To wish to be forgotten by the beloved is a task for the soul far harder than wishing not to forget."

* * * * *

In the three years that passed uneventfully in O-Toyo's life after she received her

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The last O-Toyo saw of him was when he pushed off in the little ferry-boat . . . to where his duty called.

husband's last letter—the letter that dethroned her from her wifehood—she ever tried her best to obey Tani's command, and to cease to think of him. And if she could not quite forget him, at least she never afterwards thought of him as her husband.

O-Toyo's father's rage had known no bounds when he learnt how Captain Tani had divorced his daughter. But his rage was vented on his daughter. He put all the blame upon her, for clearly Tani had acted in the only way open to an honourable man. Why had a daughter been born to him to bring disgrace on his house? This was his grievance; and poor O-Toyo suffered. Also, he found it a hard thing to bear that, having successfully married off a daughter, he should have her thrown back upon his hands.

When the affair had blown over a little, O-Toyo's father lost no time in making arrangements for another match. With this end in view, he took O-Toyo with him on a visit to the richest of all his friends, a man of high station, the lord of one of the fairest domains in all Japan.

On the very day of her arrival at the place, O-Toyo, when wandering in the beautiful garden of the rich old man, made a new friend.

Her footsteps led her through the garden to where a little bridge spanned a fairy-like lake, with iris blooming at its margins, and goldfish sporting in its translucent depths. As she stood, spellbound in admiration at the loveliness of the spot—the water, the bridges, the flowers, the rocks, and the little old wizened trees all so beautifully grouped—a girl of about her own age crossed the bridge and came to greet her.

"I am called Mino," said the girl, "and you, I am sure, are O-Toyo, for I heard your father speak of you but a moment ago to my father. How do you like our garden? Let us wander together round the lake."

"Never have I seen so beautiful a place," said O-Toyo. "How enchanting it must be to live here always."

Poor O-Toyo! Little did she think how likely was this to be her destiny! For her father had lost no time in impressing her charms upon his wealthy old friend.

But O-Toyo had found a happiness that she had not known for years in the companionship of Mino. It was not long before she was telling all the story of her little sad tragedy to Mino's sympathetic ears.

When the story was finished, and they had explored the garden, Mino said that she would take O-Toyo to see a beautiful waterfall in the neighbourhood, so that they might spend the rest of the day together.

O-Toyo passed all the day gazing out to sea.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

As she stood spell-bound in admiration at the loveliness of the spot . . . a girl of about her own age . . . came to greet her.

And as O-Toyo felt quite sure that there could be no wrong in doing anything that Mino suggested—for was she not a daughter of the house?—the two girls were soon driving out together, along a shady avenue of rustling bamboos, pouring out to each other, as they whirled along, all the sorrows and the joys of their lives.

* * * * *

The village street lay basking in the sun. No breath of wind stirred the tops of the old pine trees. Nothing moved between the lines of thatched houses. The young men and women were at work in the rice fields. Only a few old people sat in the shade, dozing and gossiping. The village was in a state of coma, until the old people's attention was attracted by the sight of a soldier limping towards them.

No one recognised the thin, slight, limping form, simply clad in a private soldier's uniform. Though he showed every sign of having just come through the war, there were no signs that he was anyone of importance, or that he had done any great deeds. Captain Tani had not intended that he should be recognised.

The war was over, so far as he was concerned. He had lived through it—he had fought like a hero of old—his Emperor would be proud to receive him; but now, when he had allowed himself to think again of O-Toyo, his first deed had been to visit her home.

And she was gone—that he soon learnt from the gossips, who were ready to answer any question if only he would tell them of the war. Yes, she had gone with her father on a long visit, somewhere or other, no one knew where precisely—doubtless on a marriage journey. But what of the battles? Tani found difficulty in making excuses for a hurried escape.

He took a little path he knew that led to O-Toyo's home. All was quiet; the house seemed like a tomb, as he stood looking up to the window of O-Toyo's room, from a grassy glade just without the garden.

Faint and starving, Tani sat down to think. His brain was in a tumult. He pressed his hands to his forehead. What was left to live for in life? O-Toyo—had gone — no one knew whither. Had gone

The two girls were soon driving out together along a shady avenue of rustling bamboos.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

All was quiet; the house seemed like a tomb.

to be married, they said. He had wooed death on the battlefield, and death would not come to him; but a man could summon death at pleasure. He carried a private soldier's rifle in his hand, and a cartridge was left in his case.

Captain Tani was about to commit suicide when he heard his own name called. Starting up, he saw a well-remembered face peering down at him from over the garden hedge—the face of an old gardener, under whose eyes he had played with O-Toyo many a time in the days of his babyhood.

The gardener put many things straight in Captain Tani's troubled mind.

"The waterfall is indeed beautiful," said Captain Tani, when the path along which his guides had led him ran out on to a bridge, built across a raging mountain torrent, that came bounding down an almost perpendicular cliff. "The water is truly like a white cloud, and sparkles like jewels. But how far now are we from the house where I would be?"

Tani, on leaving his native village, had sped hot-foot along a road which his friend, the gardener, had pointed out to him—a road that would lead to O-Toyo. His path crossed the mountains as it approached the place where O-Toyo and her father were staying; and Tani had been forced to hire guides, whose rate of progress he found all too slow.

"I can stay no longer," he cried impatiently, for the hundredth time that day, when the guides would have had him admire the waterfall without hurry.

"Let but the honourable traveller now look down from this side of the bridge," suggested the guides, "and we will proceed at once. See how the water leaps under the bridge, and springs into the air beneath our feet."

Tani turned impatiently from the waterfall pouring down above his head, to look beneath him, where it thundered below the bridge. His eye wandered down the white cloud of foam, till it followed the frenzied water to its final plunge into a seething pool. Just beyond the pool he descried two little figures—two ladies, enjoying, evidently, an *al fresco* tea-party at the foot of the waterfall.

"The waterfall is indeed beautiful!" said Captain Tani.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Just beyond the pool he descried two little figures.

One of the figures sat at a rustic table, with her back to the water. The other was standing, gazing up towards the fall. Something in the turn of her neck sent such a thrill running through Captain Tani's body that he nearly fell headlong from the bridge.

And at this moment, when Captain Tani was doing his best to drown himself in his excitement to catch a better view of the ladies taking tea at the foot of the falls, a sudden agitation overspread the face of one of the ladies.

"What is the matter, O-Toyo?" said her companion. "Why do you thus stare up at the waterfall? Can it be that you see a ghost on the bridge?"

"I see a soldier on the bridge," gasped O-Toyo, "whom—whom I believe I know. See! he is waving to me, and he is shouting something, but I cannot hear, because of the noise of the water. Oh, Mino—see, he is coming down the precipice—see how he leaps! Oh, he will slip and be killed!"

And O-Toyo covered her face with her hands.

"O-Toyo! O-Toyo!"

This cry came to them at last, as a flying figure neared the bottom of the cliff. O-Toyo uncovered her face, and tried to call back in reply; but no words came. In another moment Tani had grasped her hands.

The guides above on the bridge craned their necks to see the final fate of the honourable traveller, who so suddenly had taken leave of his senses.

Soft-hearted little Mino turned her back on the pair, and her tears vied with the waterfall.

* * * * *

O-Toyo is now the chief wonder of the neighbourhood where her husband has made his home, for the distinction is hers of having been twice married to the same man.

For this wonder she never ceases to give thanks to her gods.

For this wonder she never ceases to give thanks to her gods.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DIRT CHEAP

The Story of a Man who Always Bought.

By Louise Mack.

Dirt cheap.

The expression was continually on the tongue of the little lawyer's clerk, who had haunted the auction sales of the city week after week, month after month, for so many years.

It inevitably followed his return home after these buying expeditions of his.

"*Dirt* cheap, my dear! It was really too great a bargain to lose."

It annoyed his wife far more than if he had described his purchases as not worth the money. Her replies were tinged with bitterness, and the shadow grew in her eyes.

"Things we don't want are dear at any price," she would tell him.

She was thinking, with a sickening anxiety, of the things they really did want: the bare necessities which no man heeds till they are taken from him.

For years her husband had been "looking out at sales." Instead of the necessaries so needed there had come to the shabby house door at various times packages of butter knives—dozens of cards of them, with six knives on each card—boxes of Afghan jewellery, breast pins, studs, brooches, earrings, dozens of towel-horses, cases of ornaments, twelve little bronze kettles, three baths, a cartload of foolscap and envelopes that reached halfway up the study wall, many boxes of door-handles, many dozens of gilt-framed oleographs, two lay figures, such as dressmakers use for draping skirts.

These were just a few of the "dirt cheap" purchases.

As time went on, every bedroom in the house had received its spare bed, spare toilet table, spare wash-stand, and innumerable spare towel-horses.

Somehow, the towel-horses and butter-knives predominated over everything.

"One hundred and forty-four butter-knives. Two dozen cards. Six knives on each!"

"They were dirt cheap," he assured her.

"But we can never, never use them all," his wife pleaded.

"Well, they'll come in for the children. Nice presents for them when they marry."

"There will be twenty-eight each for the five of them."

"Oh, but we'll use some of them ourselves."

Copyright, 1904, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Let us hope that the children will have more butter for their use than their mother has had!"

Was it any wonder she was bitter? She had remonstrated with him, coaxed him, argued with him, scolded him, stormed at him, abused him, wept passionately, wept miserably—all in vain.

It seemed as if a passion for buying had spread its roots through his whole nature, until now he found himself pinioned in a grip against which he was powerless to struggle.

All the happiness of the home wore away. Its peace was slowly but surely destroyed under the perpetual friction of the two opposing wishes.

The children sided unconsciously with their father. They could not understand why mamma should be angry with papa when the cart came with all those nice packages in it. They assisted gleefully in the bustle of carrying towel-horses and things upstairs. The arrivals of the bargains were really their only gala-days.

Papa's face was always full of kindliness and good-humour at such times as these. His voice was a little softer and more genial. His eyes were warmer and happier.

If only mamma would not stand like a sentry, with that grim, kill-joy expression on her lips! Their childish hearts were disturbed. It vexed them to see their mother look so crossly at the nice things.

They grew to understand that when papa came into the house with that genial smile and a specially gentle movement in opening doors, or going upstairs, a cart would shortly arrive, and the fun would begin for them.

They were quite blind to the meaning of the hopeless look on their mother's face.

How should they guess it was because of them, her little precious ones, that she resented the terrible waste of money that should have been spent so differently?

She said to her sister: "The children are vexed because I don't laugh and look happy when his loads arrive!"

Her eyes were growing hard as well as bitter. To have her little ones passing their quick, cruel judgments is a painful burden for a mother's heart to bear.

Her heart ached under it. But she said nothing. She saw she must continue to bear their blame, since the only way to remove it was to lay it on the shoulders of their father.

The carts continued to arrive. The bargains multiplied exceedingly. As the years went on the collection grew more and more varied, more and more eccentric, more and more useless.

A footfall in the hall had the deadness one notices when walking in the furniture department of a warehouse.

He was such a good fellow, too, her husband. One of the best men in the world. She knew that. But the disease had him in its grip. Closer and closer it clutched him.

At last there came a time when her endurance had reached its uttermost limits, and nothing but burning anger filled her heart. Her emotions and sufferings had come to a climax. She went to her sister and weepingly confided to her that she could bear no longer the terrible strain of wanting money so badly, and seeing it wasted so ruthlessly under her very roof.

"I must leave him. I feel I must go away and never come back."

But her sister had an idea.

"Send *them* away," said she.

"My children?"

"No, the things. Some day when he is out send them away and sell the lot of them at an auction, and spend the money the very minute you get it. That is what I should do."

That was the sister's idea.

There was daring in it. Yet it was not impracticable. She wondered that she had never thought of it before.

He was called away into the country for a few days. In that time she arranged everything with the promptness and caution of a general. Carts came to the house. But this time they brought nothing. They took much away instead.

One after the other the rooms were cleared of all their superfluities—the bottomless cots, the lay-figures, the towel-horses, the cards and cards of butter-knives, the beds, drawers, wash-stands, cupboards, and hat-stands that had stifled the house so persistently.

All were gone at last.

She could scarcely believe it. She walked up and down her little hall for the sheer pleasure of hearing her own footfalls. They had been deadened so long, so very long.

The light of youth came back to her eyes.

"To-morrow," she said to the children, "to-morrow we shall have a nice pink cheque, then you shall all have boots, and shoes, and frocks, and hats, and a doll each, and new music-books and lesson-books and story-books, and a big plum cake, and all manner of good things.

The children's eyes were full of naïve surprise.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

They assisted gleefully in the bustle of carrying towel-horses and things upstairs

It was always papa who spent, and mamma who would not spend!

She understood the look in their eyes, and it hurt her. But she was so full of delight at the happy accomplishment of her plan that she laughed gaily at them.

But not yet the accomplishment! She had planned and carried out her plans. All her part of the plot had been fulfilled. It was the gods who interfered; it was they who failed her.

On the afternoon of the next day, as she was dressing herself to go to town and learn the prices her goods had bought, a great van drove up to the front door.

Presently she heard the children chattering to someone in the hall.

She went out into the landing. She leaned over the bannisters and looked down.

There was her husband!

He had come home a day earlier than she expected him. Her heart-beats were a little quicker. But she could laugh to herself, and tell herself nothing really mattered now the things were out of the way, and the great step taken.

Then she saw men come in through the front door, carrying gradually the contents of the van. Backwards and forwards they went. The children ran out on the doorstep and helped too.

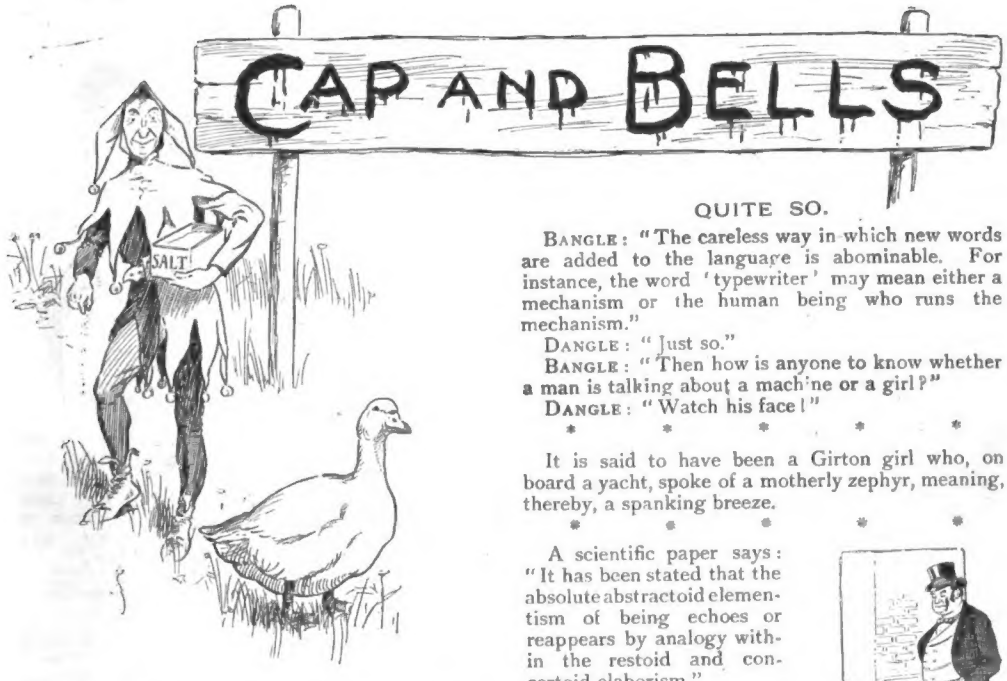
There were the bottomless cots, the lay figures, the towel-horses. There in the baby's arms were butter-knives. He cooed over them lovingly.

She made a queer little choking sound. Her husband looked up, and saw that tragic watcher on the landing.

"I really could not resist them," he said, coming up the stairs towards her. "The lot was put up just as I was passing the auction-rooms on my way here, and I got them *dirt cheap!*"

He had bought them all back again.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



YOU KNOW THIS KIND OF MAN.

"Timmins is one of the most disagreeable fellows to play cards with I ever knew."

"Why? Does he always grumble when he loses?"

"He never loses!"

* * * * *

GOOD ADVICE.

How foolish is the pessimist,
Despondent and forlorn,
Who always, when he gets a rose,
Goes hunting for the thorn.

The optimist has better sense;
The charm of life he knows;
He doesn't mind a scratch or two,
If he can get the rose.

So do not be a pessimist
Cankered with discontent,
The optimist has heaps of fun
That doesn't cost a cent.

* * * * *

HE KNEW FROM EXPERIENCE.

"What bone is the bone of contentio ?" asked young hopeful, looking up from his book.

"The jaw-bone, my son," replied his father solemnly, "the jaw-bone!"

QUITE SO.

BANGLE: "The careless way in which new words are added to the language is abominable. For instance, the word 'typewriter' may mean either a mechanism or the human being who runs the mechanism."

DANGLE: "Just so."

BANGLE: "Then how is anyone to know whether a man is talking about a machine or a girl?"

DANGLE: "Watch his face!"

* * * * *

It is said to have been a Girton girl who, on board a yacht, spoke of a motherly zephyr, meaning, thereby, a spanking breeze.

* * * * *

A scientific paper says: "It has been stated that the absolute abstractoid elementism of being echoes or reappears by analogy within the restoid and concertoid elaborism."

What a pity it is not more generally known!

* * *

TALES AT THE ZOO.

GRANDPA: "Don't be frightened, Willy, the tiger is about to be fed; that's what makes him jump and roar."

WILLY (easily): "Oh, I'm not afraid of him, grandpa; papa is the same way when his meals aren't ready."

* * *

SHE SAID NO MORE.

MISTRESS: "How is it I saw a soldier hugging you in the kitchen last night?"

MAID: "I don't know, ma'am, unless you were peeping through the key-hole."

* * *

Tramp: "Won't you give a little something to an old hero of the battle-field? I have survived four wars!"

Stranger (handing him some money): "How did you do it?"

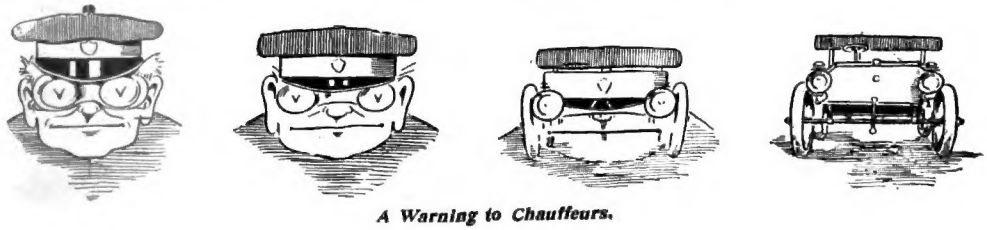
Tramp (after pocketing the money): "Kept out of 'em."

* * * * *

IT WASN'T TEMPER.

AMY: "What makes young De Swim scowl so all the time?"

JACK: "He has to, you know, in order to make his eye-glass stick on."



A Warning to Chauffeurs.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"TWO LETTERS FROM HER."

I wrote her a letter. It took her quite two
To answer it after she'd read it.
My letter contained what, perhaps, even you
Have written—at least, you have said it.

My letter contained the old tale of a heart
That longed to be linked to another;
And I told her to think on each separate part,
And ask the advice of her mother.

She apparently did, for the very next mail
Brought me a brief message of woe;
It took her two letters; they made me turn pale,
For they were the letters "N" "O."

* * * * *

"I never could understand why people think so much of the dog's instinct in attaching himself to man," muttered the tramp, as he flashed down the road.

* * * * *

A FO(W)L RUSE.

"Are you still troubled by your neighbour's chickens?" asked one man of another.

"Not a bit," was the answer: "they are kept shut up now."

"How did you manage it?"

"Why, every night I put a lot of eggs in my garden, and every morning, when my neighbour was looking, I went out and brought them in."

* * *

NICELY DONE.

FRED: "How are you getting on with Miss Angell? Did you speak to her father as you determined?"

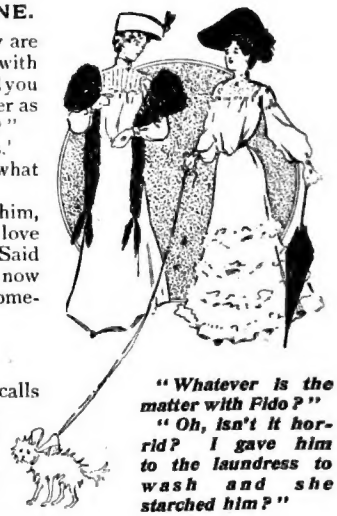
FRANK: "Yes.'

FRED: "And what happened?"

"I said to him, 'Mr. Angell, I love your daughter.' Said he, 'So do I; now let's talk about something else!'"

* *

The man who calls out in the morning that he is getting up when he isn't, simply lies in bed.



"Whatever is the matter with Fido?"

"Oh, isn't it horrid? I gave him to the laundress to wash and she starched him?"

* * * * *

INJURY *PLUS* INSULT.

VISITOR: "I understand you want some painting done."

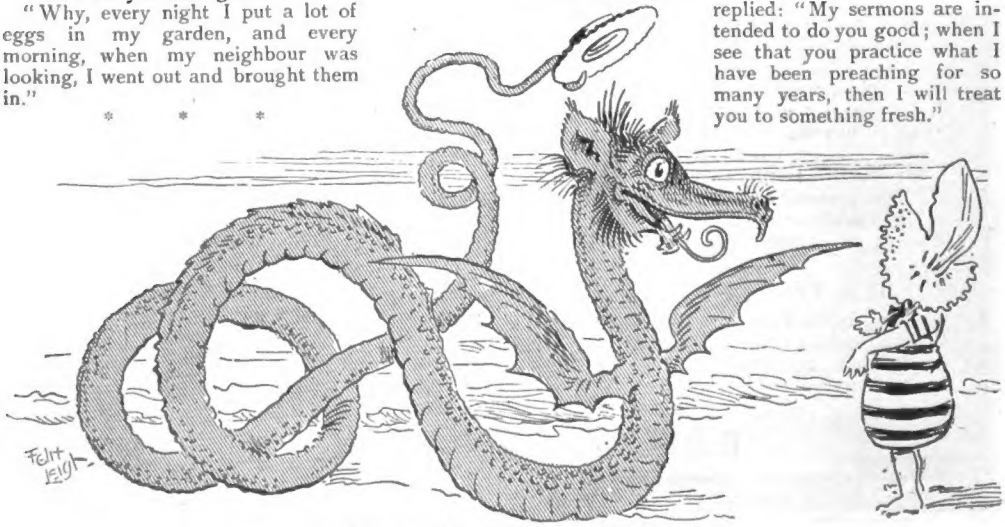
EDITOR: "Yes; I wish a sign painted at the foot of the stairs. It's for poets to read after I throw them out. But as they generally alight on their heads you had better paint it like this:—

DON'T SLAM THE DOOR.

* * * * *

THAT SHUT THEM UP.

An old minister who had a set of discourses that he went through once a year; when some of his flock ventured to hint that they would like a variety, replied: "My sermons are intended to do you good; when I see that you practice what I have been preaching for so many years, then I will treat you to something fresh."



Said the Serpent who lives in the sea,
"I have frightened you, maiden, so wea—
Well, you can't be the daughter
Of any repaughter
Or else you'd be laughing with glea."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ENOUGH EXERCISE FOR HIM.

BINKS: "By the way, Winks, the doctor advised you to use dumb-bells, didn't he?"

WINKS: "Yes, I must see about getting a pair."

BINKS: "Well, I have a pair you can have."

WINKS: "Tired of them?"

BINKS: "Don't need 'em. The twins are teething."

* * * * *

Highwayman (to Mr. Levy, dealer in second-hand miscellaneous property): "Your money or your life."

Mr. Levy: "Mine friendt, you gannot exbect me to gif you my money for nodings, and mine life cou'dn't do you no goot. But I tell you vot I vill do. I vill buy dot bistel off you at a fair brice."

HER FAULT.

ADA: "You are a flat, Freddie—nothing more!"

FREDDIE: "What else could you expect? You sit on me at every possible opportunity!"

* *

GRATITUDE.

"Well, Harry, what are you doing now-a-days?"

"Writing for the Press."

"Thankless sort of work, ain't it?"

"Bless your heart, no! 'Bout everything I write is returned with thanks."

* * * * *

CAPITAL EXCUSE.

SHE (sternly): "What was that noise I heard in the hall early this morning when you came in?"

He (hastily): "It must have been the day breaking, my darling."

* * * * *

Scientist: "Bring me a decoction of burnt peas, sweetened with glucose, and lightened with chalk and water."

Waiter (vociferously): "Coffee for one!"

STOOD UP FOR HIS RIGHTS.

"You want me to go on the roof of that tower?" said the workman.

"Yes."

"Do you notice there's a clock in the tower?"

"I know it. What difference does that make?"

"I'll have to charge you extra for working overtime."

* * * * *

A person asked an Irishman why he wore his stockings the wrong side outward. He answered: "Because there's a hole on the other side."

NO NEW-FANGLED ARTICLES FOR HIM.

COUNTRYMAN (to furniture dealer): "I want to git a bed 'an a mattress."

DEALER: "Yes, sir; spring bed and spring mattress, sir?"

COUNTRYMAN: "No; I want the kind that can be used all the year round."

* * *

ADVICE TO THE G.P.O.

"There is one sign that should be placed over every letter-box in the country."

"What is that?"

"Post no bills!"

* * *

NO MATCH FOR HIS WIFE.

HUSBAND (vituperatively): "I was an idiot when I married you, Mary."

WIFE (quietly): "Yes, Tom, I knew you were. But what could I do? You seemed my only chance, and I thought then that you might improve a little with time."

* *

HE KNEW A THING OR TWO.

TOURIST: "Do these scarecrows save your crops?"

FARMER: "They work first-rate. You see, every tramp that comes along crosses the field to see if th' clothes is wuth stealin', which they ain't, 'an that scares th' crows away."

"Pat! Pat! You should never hit a man when he is down."

"Begorra! What did I worruk so hard to get him down for?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

SCANTY POSTS.

It's very amusing to note the numerical fluctuations of the manuscripts which arrive day by day at the editorial offices of a magazine. Now, during the last three months I have received fewer manuscripts than I remember ever to have received before. At first this falling off gave me a feeling of slight uneasiness. Was the popularity of the ROYAL beginning to wane? But no! I might rest comforted on that score. The publisher's report was all that the heart of a man could desire. Then the true reason of my scantier post dawned on me. Literary fame was, no doubt, a very desirable object, but certainly not worth the sacrifice of sunshine and the fresh air. This is what the future Kiplings and Tennysons have been saying in their hearts during these last beautiful summer months. And who's to blame them? Certainly not the Editor of the ROYAL. Pen and paper are all very well in their way, and so is literary fame, but fresh air and exercise are ten times better. I can very well afford to wait for your unwritten masterpieces until our delightful English winter sets in. Meanwhile—

A WORD OF ADVICE.

If the masterpiece is to be a short story, and if the short story is designed for publication in the ROYAL or some such magazine, a word from me might possibly be worth while listening to before you begin. I may, or may not, be a critic of literature, but I certainly am an expert in the choice of literary wares, and as such let me tell you always and above all to strive after novelty. Great and striking originality is not, of course, the easiest thing in the world to produce; but the oldest, most commonplace idea may acquire quite a fresh and original appearance if treated in a novel and individual manner. Take, for instance, the Baroness Orczy's "Old Man in the Corner" stories. How often has the solution of a criminal mystery formed the nucleus of a tale? Don't ask me! And yet the thing has never been done as the Baroness Orczy does it. The form of her stories and her manner of telling them is novel—and this is the novelty you should always strive to obtain.

NEWS FROM JOHANNESBURG.

I received lately a charming letter from a little girl near Johannesburg. She tells me the following amusing little incident:

"We live near a mine, far away from any town. The nearest is Gurmiston. It is a few miles away from our home.

"A week ago, I went to Gurmiston to get the ROYAL. I was on my bicycle, with just enough money in my hand to pay for the magazine.

"I had nearly arrived, when, flop! I fell, sprawling over a big stone into the sand. And when I got up I found that all the money I had taken with me was lost.

"It was getting late, but I determined to get the ROYAL or die. So I rode home again, got some money, and made my way back to Gurmiston, only to remember that it was Wednesday afternoon, and that all the shops were closed!

"But I wasn't going to give in, so I rode on to the station, several miles farther, bought my ROYAL, and got home and was well scolded. But I didn't care."

That's the sort of reader who rejoices an editor's heart!

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA